

THE MOST
Agreeable Companion ;
O R,
A CHOICE COLLECTION
O F

Detached and Most Approved PIECES,
Serious, Moral, Humorous and Diverting,
In PROSE and VERSE.
Taken from a Variety of ingenious Authors.

A L S O,
SEVERAL ORIGINALS,
Never before published.

The whole calculated to entertain the Mind, improve the
Heart, and enlarge the Understanding.

Carefully selected and compiled
By JOHN MOXON,
Late of LEEDS, now of WAKEFIELD.

Miscuit utile dulci.

H O R.

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T H E

Most Agreeable Companion, &c.

Advice to the Ladies.——By Lord Lyttleton.

Addressed to BELINDA.

THE counsels of a friend, BELINDA, hear,
 Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear;
 Disdain the flatteries of a lover's pen,
 And hear such truths as seldom come from men.
 Nor think I speak you ill, when thus I show,
 What female vanity might fear to know;
 Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
 But greater your's, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
 Women, like Princes, find few real friends;
 All who approach them, their own ends pursue;
 Lovers, and Ministers, are seldom true.
 Hence, oft from virtue, heedless beauty strays,
 And the most trusted guide, the most betrays;
 Hence, by fond dreams of fancy'd power amus'd,
 When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest latest care,
 Your hearts supreme ambition? To be fair;

For this, the toilet every thought employs,
 Hence, all the toils of dress, and all the joys;
 For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,
 And each instructed feature, has its rule;
 And yet, how few have learnt, when this is given,
 Not to disgrace the partial boon of heaven?
 How few, with all their pride of form, can move?
 How few are lovely, that were made for love?
 Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess,
 An elegance of mind, as well as dress;
 Be that your ornament, and know to please,
 By grateful nature's unaffected ease.
 Nor make, to dangerous wit, a vain pretence,
 But wisely rest content with modest sense;
 For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
 Too strong for feeble woman to sustain;
 Of those who claim it, more than half have none,
 And half of those who have it, are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
 Nor think dishonesty, a proof of parts;
 For you, the plainest is the wisest rule,
 A Cunning Woman, is a Knavish Fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame,
 Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame;
 Prudes rail at whores, as Statesmen in disgrace,
 At ministers, because they wish their place;
 Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
 Without, all beauty, and all peace, within;
 The honour of a prude, is rage and storm,
 'Tis ugliness, in its most frightful form;
 Fiercely it stands, defying Gods and men,
 As fiery monsters guard a giant's den;
 Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,
 A woman's noblest station, is retreat;
 Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
 Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man, ambition's task resign ;
 'Tis ours, in Senates, or in Courts to shine,
 To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
 Or dare the rage of envy, and be great ;
 One only care, your gentle breasts should move,
 Th' important business of your life, is love ;
 To this great point direct your constant aim,
 This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd,
 With caution chuse ; but then be fondly kind ;
 The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
 Shall find no place in love's delightful heaven ;
 Here sweet extremes alone, can truly bless ;
 The virtue of a lover, is excess ;
 A maid unask'd, may own a well-plac'd flame,
 Not loving FIRST, but loving WRONG, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
 Nor think, that conquest justifies disdain ;
 Short is the period of insulting power ;
 Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour ;
 Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
 And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
 Whose soul, entire, by him she loves, possesst ;
 Feels every vanity, in fondness lost,
 And asks no power, but that of pleasing most ;
 Hers is the bliss, in just return to prove,
 The honest warmth of undissembled love ;
 For her inconstant man might cease to range,
 And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
 And, roughly blight the tender buds of joy ;
 Let reason teach, what passion fain would hide,
 That Hymen's bands by prudence should be ty'd ;

Venus, in vain, the wedded pair would crown,
 If angry fortune on their union frown ;
 Soon will the flatt'ring dreams of bliss be o'er,
 And cloy'd imagination cheat no more ;
 Then waking to the sense of lasting pain,
 With mutual tears, the nuptial couch they stain ;
 And that fond love, which should afford relief,
 Does but increase the anguish of their grief :
 While both, could easier, their own sorrows, bear,
 Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
 Than sell your violated charms for gain ;
 Than wed the wretch whom you despise, or hate,
 For the vain glare of useless wealth, or state ;
 The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
 Who, not to love, but av'rice fall a prey ;
 Nor aught avails the specious name of Wife,
 A maid so wedded, is a Whore for Life.

E'en in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven,
 Has equal love, and easy fortune given ;
 Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done,
 The prize of happiness must still be won ;
 And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
 The lover in the husband may be lost ;
 The graces might alone his heart allure,
 They, and the virtues meeting must secure ;
 Let e'en your prudence wear a pleasing dress,
 Of care for him and anxious tenderness ;
 From kind concern about his weal, or woe,
 Let each domestic duty seem to flow ;
 The household sceptre, if he bids you wear,
 Make it your pride, his servant to appear ;
 Endearing thus the common acts of life,
 The mistress still shall charm him in the wife ;
 And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
 Before, his eyes perceive one beauty gone ;
 Ev'n o'er your cold, and ever-sacred urn,
 His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, BELINDA, would your charms improve,
 And form your heart, to all the arts of love ;
 The task was harder to secure my own,
 Against the power of those already known ;
 For well you twist the secret chains that bind,
 With gentle force, the captivated mind ;
 Skill'd, every soft attraction to employ,
 Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy ;
 I own your genius and from you receive,
 The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.



Upon a WATCH.

COU'D but our tempers move, like this machine,
 Nor urg'd by passion, nor delay'd by spleen ;
 And true to nature's regulating power,
 By virtuous acts, distinguish ev'ry hour ;
 Then health and joy wou'd follow, as they ought,
 The law of motion, and the laws of thought ;
 Sweet health, to pass the present moments o'er,
 And everlasting joy, when time's no more.



*To a Lady sitting Cross-legg'd for a Gentleman
 at Cards.*

WHAT various charms can Celia boast,
 By nature, how befriended ;
 Whose legs, are both a charm, when cross'd,
 And charming, when—extended,

On B R I B E R Y.

A Poor man once a Judge befought,
To judge aright his cause ;
And with a pot of oil salutes,
This judger of the laws.

My friend, quoth he, thy cause is good ;
He, glad, away did trudge ;
Anon, his wealthy foe did come,
Before this partial Judge.

A hog, well fed, this churl presents,
And craves a strain of law ;
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right,
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cry'd, O ! partial judge,
Thy doom has me undone ;
When oil I gave, my cause was good,
But now to ruin run.

Poor man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
And see ! thy cause of foil ;
A hog came since into my house,
And broke thy pot of oil.

*Queen Elizabeth being asked her Opinion concerning
the real Presence in the Sacrament, gave the fol-
lowing artful and solid Answer :*

CHRIST was the word, that spake it ;
He took the bread, and brake it ;
And what the word, did make it,
That I believe, and take it.

Little

Little Mouths.

FROM London, Paul the carrier, coming down,
 To Wantage, meets a beauty of the town ;
 They both accost, with salutation pretty,
 As how does Paul ? thank ye, and how does Betty ?
 Did't see our Jack, nor Sister ? No, you've seen,
 I warrant, none but those, who saw the Queen.
 Many words spoke in jest, says Paul, are true, }
 I came from Windsor, and if some folks knew,
 As much as I, it might be well for you. }
 Lord Paul ! what is't ? Why give me something for't,
 This kiss, and this ; the matter's then in short ;
 The parliament have made a proclamation,
 Which will this week be sent all round the nation ;
 That maids with little mouths do all prepare, }
 On Sunday next to come before the Mayor,
 And that all bachelors be likewise there. }
 For maids with little mouths shall, if they please,
 From these young gentlemen chuse two a-piece.
 Betty with bridled chin, extends her face,
 And then contracts her lips, with simp'ring grace,
 Cries, hem ! pray what must all the huge ones do
 For husbands, when we little mouths have two ?
 Hold ! not so fast ! cries he, pray pardon me,
 Maids with huge gaping wide mouths must have
 three.
 Betty distorts her face with hideous squawl }
 And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl, }
 Oh ! oh ! is't so ? the case is alter'd, Paul,
 Is that the point ? I wish the three were ten,
 I warrant I'll find mouth, if they'll find men.

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*Abuse of Names of Great Renown, among the
Ancient Greeks and Latins.*

FORTUNE, alas ! how sportest thou on earth !
Fame, thou'rt a wind !—a bubble gave thee birth !
Say, where those names which set the world on fire ?
Where does the pride of Greece and Rome retire ?
Hector's dread name now marks the butcher's dog !
Cato keeps sheep, and Brutus drives a hog !
Look ye for Pompey ? search the farmer's yard ;
You'll meet with Cæsar in yond orchard's guard ;
But rivals still for fame, unknown to fears,
A bone, unpick'd, shall set them by the ears.
See Scipio, bolt of war the bull essay !
Whilst Nero (bloodhound still) makes man his prey ;
Thus fares it with Renown ! nor Gods retain,
One jot of reverence to their sacred name ;
Juno, Mars, Venus, lap-dogs now and bitches,
With mangy coats, are drown'd, and float in ditches—
Liv'd ye, on earth, ye once fam'd pair of sages,
Who view'd from diff'rent points the crimes of ages !
How wouldst * thou weep for greatness so burlesqu'd !
How wouldst † thou laugh at dogs in regal vest !

* Heraclitus.

† Democritus.

On a Pipe of Tobacco.

CRITICS avaunt ; Tobacco is my theme ;
Tremble like Hornets at the blasting steam.
And you, Court Insects, flutter not too near
Its light, nor buzz within the scorching sphere.

Pollio,

Pollio, with flame, like thine, my verse inspire,
 So shall the muse from smoke, elicit fire.
 Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff;
 Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff:
 Lord Fopling smokes not—for his teeth afraid:
 Sir Tawdry smokes not—for he wears brocade.
 Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon;
 They love no smoke, except the smoke of town.
 But Courtiers hate the puffing tribe,—no matter,
 Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter!
 Its foes but shew their ignorance; can he
 Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?
 The tainted Templar (more prodigious yet)
 Rails at tobacco, though it makes him—spit.
 Citronia vows, it has an odious stink;
 She will not smoke (ye Gods!) but she will drink:
 And chaste Prudella (blame her if you can)
 Says, pipes are us'd by that vile creature, Man:
 Yet crouds remain, who still its worth proclaim,
 While some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame:
 Fame, of our actions universal spring,
 For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke—ev'ry thing.



E P I G R A M.

HOW finely friend Grizle, and Gripus are met,
 The one has got money, the other has wit:
 Jokes Gripus, pays Grizle; now where is the
 wonder,
 If Grizle and Gripus are seldom asunder.

Mrs.

Mrs. Prichard's Farewell Epilogue. 1768.

THE curtain dropt — my mimic life is past,
 The scene of † sleep, and terror, was my last :
 Could I, in such a scene, my exit make,
 When every real feeling is awake ?
 Which beating here, superior to all art,
 Bursts in full tides, from a most grateful heart.

I now appear myself—distress'd, dismay'd,
 More than in all the characters, I've play'd :
 In acted passion, tears must seem to flow,
 “ But I have that within, that passeth shew.”

Before I go, and this lov'd spot forsake,
 What gratitude can give, my wishes, take :
 Upon your hearts, may no affliction prey,
 Which cannot, by the stage, be chas'd away :
 And may the stage, to please each virtuous mind,
 Grow ev'ry day more moral, more refin'd ;
 Refin'd from grossness, not by foreign skill,
 Weed out the poison, but be English still. —

To all my brethren whom I leave behind,
 Still may your bounty, as to me, be kind ;---
 To me for many years, your favours flow'd,
 Humbly receiv'd — on small desert bestow'd ;
 For which I feel---what cannot be express'd---
 Words are too weak---my tears must speak the rest.

On

† Last Scene of Lady Macbeth,

On DANCING.—To a LADY.

MAY I presume in humble lays,
My dancing fair, thy steps to praise ?
While this grand maxim, I advance,
That all the world is, but a dance.

That human kind, both man and woman,
Do dance, is evident and common ;
David himself that God-like King,
We know, could dance, as well as sing :
Folks, who at Court, would keep their ground,
Must dance attendance, the year round ;
Whole nations dance ; gay frisking France,
Has lead the English many a dance ;
And some believe, both France and Spain,
E'er long, will take us out again.

All nature in one ball we find,
The water dances to the wind ;
The sea itself, at night and noon,
Rises and dances to the moon ;
The moon around the earth doth tread,
A Cheshire round, yet ne'er looks red ;
The earth and planets round the sun,
Still dance, nor will their dance be done,
'Till nature in one blaze be blended,
Then may we say, the ball is ended.

E P I G R A M.

IT blew an hard storm, and in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried, to get absolution ;
Which

Which done, and the weight of their sins they'd
 confess'd,
 Were transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to
 the priest;
 To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
 They toss'd the poor parson, soule into the ocean.

*****:*****:*****

Extent of Cookery.

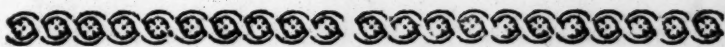
WHEN Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
 A plain brown bob he wore;
 Read much, and look'd as though he meant,
 To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's-Inn repair,
 His resolution flag;
 He cherishes a length of hair,
 And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke, nor Lyttleton regards,
 But gets into the house;
 And soon a Judge's rank rewards,
 His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu ye bobs! Ye bags give place!
 Full bottoms come instead!
 Good Lord! to see the various ways,
 Of dressing—a CALF'S HEAD.

Epigram



Epigram on the New Pavement in London.

THE new Scottish pavement is worthy of praise,
 We're indebted to Scotland, for mending our
 ways ;
 But, what we can never forgive 'em, some say,
 Is, that they have taken our Posts all away.



On the Peace, in 1763.

THE peace proclaim'd ! no English shouts arise !
 No pointed sky-rockets salute the skies !
 A gloomy silence reigns in every street,
 And, fullen Britons, fullen Britons, meet.
 Not so, thro' all th' elated-realms of France,
 Her sons triumphant shout, and sing, and dance :
 Joy universal, fills the nation round,
 Altars and Churches are with laurels crown'd ;
 The stately Spaniard, tho' unus'd to smile,
 Turns up his fallow cheek, a grins a-while,
 " The MORO is our own, once more (he cries)
 " Thanks to Scotch Ministers, and French allies.
 " So flourish ever Britain, hated realm !
 " And, oh ! may tories, rule and guide thy helm !
 " Blest sons of Utrecht, long may ye increase :
 " Let the whigs conquer, so you make the peace."

The



The Long Vacation.

MY Lord now quits his venerable seat,
The fix clerk, on his padlock turns the key;
From business hurries, to his snug retreat
And leaves vacation, and the town to me.

Now all is hush'd, asleep the eye of care,
And Lincoln's Inn, a solemn stillness holds;
Save, where the porter, whistles o'er the square,
Or Pompey barks, or basket woman scolds:

Save that from yonder pump, and dusty stair,
The mopeing shoe-black, and the laundry maid;
Complain of such, as from the town repair,
And leave, their little quarterage, unpaid:

In those dull chambers, where old parchment lie,
And useless drafts, in many a mouldring heap;
Each for parade, to catch the clients eye,
Viner, and Blackstone, in oblivion sleep.

In these dead hours, what now remains for me,
Still to the stool, and to the desk confin'd;
Debarr'd from autumn shades, and liberty,
(Those pleasures great, as my Cleora's kind.)

Hail, beauteous nymph! how does thy presence gild,
The brow of care, and mitigate my pains;
With thee, (such extacy thy beauties yield,)
Bondage is free, and hugs thy pleasing chains.

Bless'd in thy love, sincerely I despise;
The **QUIBBLE**, warmly urg'd, with many a frown,
Hear each opinion of the learn'd, and wise,
Nor envy **CATO**'s wigg, or **TULLY**'s gown.



To Pollydore.—On his Wish for a Wife.

HOLD, hold, my friend, your wishes are too great,
 you seem to want, a quite peculiar state ;
 To please your greedy taste, you needs must find,
 More in one woman, than were e'er combin'd ;
 Our mother Eve, the purest of them all,
 Was too loquacious—or what caus'd her fall ?
 And think you, then, more virtues e'er to find,
 In her degenerate daughters, left behind ?
 On thy fond passion, then lay some restraint,
 Nor ask an Angel, or a perfect Saint ;
 Remember, friend, this carnal sphere's too low,
 For perfect Saints, or Angels e'er to grow.



E P I G R A M.

KIND Peggy kiss'd her husband, with these
 words,
 " Mine own sweet Will, how dearly I love thee,"
 If true, quoth Will, the world none such affords ;
 And that, 'tis true, I dare, her warrant be :

For ne'er was woman yet, or good, or ill,
 But loved, always best, her own sweet Will.

An



An Address to Life.

WHAT art thou, life?---so courted by mankind!
What are the pleasures, of thy happiest day?
A gaudy meteor, dancing on the wind,
Admir'd while fleeting, like the smoke, away!

Is then, existence deem'd so great a good,
That, ev'ry thought of death, shou'd teem with
dread,
Ev'n to the wretch, depriv'd of friend, and food,
Who wrings from charity, his daily bread ?

Is it, that man attempts, with eager clasp,
To hold the present---doubtful of his doom !
Imploring respite, at his latest gasp,
And, shock'd with horror, at the yawning tomb ?

Doth heav'n unusual terrors, then display,
To melt the soul ;---the stubborn neck to bend,
Or powerful nature, vindicate her sway,
And ev'ry passion rouse, for some great end !

The restless monarch, toss'd in storms of state,
Begs the continuance, of his regal toil ;
The labouring Hind, implores a longer date,
Tho' doom'd with sweating brow, to till the soil :

The laurel'd Chief, train'd up in war's alarms,
Prompt, in th' enfanguin'd field to yield his breath,
Yet, lull'd in peace, and blest'd, with beauty's charms,
Begins to tremble, at th' approach of death :

Alike

Alike the vig'rous youth, and blooming maid,
 Aghast, behold, the grizly King advance ;
 The hoary Sire, and Hag, with age decay'd,
 Shrink from the blow, and tremble at his lance :

See, the lone widow, o'er yon mournful bier,
 Of her lost Lord, oppress'd with tender grief ;
 Heave the deep sigh, in silence drop the tear,
 Or call on death, to give her woes relief :

When lenient time hath sooth'd her troubled breast,
 And some new consort, cheers her drooping heart ;
 Should death appear, and promise endless rest,
 She'd eye, affrighted—his unerring dart :

But happy he, whom conscious virtue gives
 A soul serene, a firm, undaunted mind ;
 In peace secure, and hope, content he lives,
 And when his fate demands him, dies resign'd.



Epitaph on a Cobler.

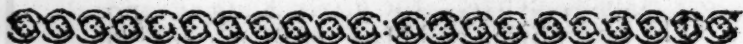
DEATH, at a Cobler's door, oft made a stand,
 And, always found him, on the mending hand ;
 At last, came death, in very dirty weather,
 And ripp'd the sole, from off the upper-leather ;
 Death put a trick upon him, and what was't ?
 The Cobler call'd for's awl, death brought his last,



Epigram on the Times.—Wrote in the Year 1770.

NOW patriot and pick-purse, for what they can
 get,
 Blow up, the dull flames of dissension ;
 By bawling out " Liberty," one pays a debt,
 And the other, retires on a pension,

EPIGRAM.



EPIGRAM. 1770.

CALIGULA, as history doth relate,
 Once made his horse, a Minister of State,
 He gentle was, his actions all, were just,
 He flatter'd not, and ne'er, betray'd his trust;
 He had no pension, never took a bribe,
 Had no connexions with the venal tribe;
 He liv'd contented, on his corn, and hay,
 And squander'd not, the public wealth away;
 Had no ambition, serv'd no selfish end,
 He got no riches, and, he lost no friend;
 Such were his virtues, and, we must allow,
 His parts are equal, to our Statesmen's, now.

*Epigram, on Cibber being made a Poet.*

WELL Laureats said Apollo, still 'tis mine,
 To give the real Laurell;
 For that, my Pope, my son divine,
 Of rivals, end the quarrel.

But, guessing who would have the luck,
 To be the birth-day fibber;
 I thought of Dennis, Theobald, Duck,
 But, never dreamt of Cibber!

EPIGRAM.



E P I G R A M.

CLARINDA, has ten thousand charms,
 'Tis heav'n to lie within her arms :
 And, she's so charitably given,
 She wishes all mankind in heaven.

*Epitaph on Westminster Abbey.*

WITH diligence, and trust, most exemplary,
 Did William Lawrence, serve a Prebendary ;
 And for his pains now past, before not lost,
 Gain'd this remembrance, at his master's cost.
 " Oh ! read these lines again : you seldom find,
 " A servant faithful, and a master kind !
 Short-hand, he wrote ; his flow'r, in prime did fade,
 And hasty death, of him, short hand, hath made ;
 Well skill'd in numbers, and well-measur'd land,
 Thus doth he know that ground, whereon you stand ;
 Wherein he lies, so geometrical,
 Art maketh some, but this will nature, ALL.



E P I T A P H.

ESCAP'D the gloom of mortal life, a soul,
 Here, leaves its mouldring tenement of clay ;
 Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
 No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like

Like thee, I, once have stemm'd the sea of life ;
 Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys ;
 Like thee, have labour'd in the stormy strife ;
 Been griev'd for trifles, and amus'd with toys.

Yet, for a while, 'gainst passion's threatful blast,
 Let steady reason, urge the struggling oar ;
 Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last,
 Gives, to thy longing eye, the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail,
 Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall ;
 Nor read unmov'd, my artless tender tale,
 I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.



True Benevolence.

THE other day, says Ned to Joe,
 (Near Bedlam's confines groping)
 Whene'er, I hear, the cries of woe,
 My hand is, always, open.

I own, says Joe, that, to the poor,
 (You prove it ev'ry minute)
 Your hand is open, to be sure,
 But then, there's nothing in it.



Epigram on Bishop Atterbury's burying the Duke of Buckingham.

I Have no hopes, the Duke he says, and dies.
 "In sure and certain hopes"---the prelate cries.
Of

Of these two learned Peers, I prithee say, man,
 Who is the lying knave, the priest, or layman ?
 The Duke, he stands, an Infidel confest ;
 He's our dear brother, quoth the lordly priest.
 The Duke, the Knave, still brother dear, he cries,
 And who can say, the Reverend Prelate lies.



On the Loss of North America in One Campaign.

O'ER East, and West, Pitt spread the British
 reign,
 Curb'd envious France, and humbled faithless Spain.
 North, with rash ignorance, and wastful cost,
 In one campaign, a Continent has lost.
 What stigmas, ribband, stars, how foul a blot,
 When North a garter has, and Chatham not.



A Quere ; with a Poetical Solution.

Q. WHAT is the difference between a Nine-Pin
 Bowl, and a Woman's Breast ?

S O L U T I O N.

To raise a middle pin, the breast is known,
 The bowl, a middle-pin, to tumble down.



To PHILLIS.

YE tuneful songsters, of the vocal grove,
 Who warble forth your tender tales of love;
 Ye turtles, who, beside the purling stream,
 Sit, cooing to your mates, attend my theme!
 Thou Philomel, of all thy feather'd kind,
 Whose notes, to love's soft measures, are inclin'd,
 Do thou attend, the sweet, harmonious throng,
 And, while I sing my fair, assist my song;
 Ye gentle breezes, I adjure you, stay,
 And, to my Phillis, waft these sighs away:
 Ah hapless me! What, no return of love?
 Will yet, no pity, my dear Phillis, move?
 Did she but know, the inward pain I bear,
 Sure, she would rid me, of suspicious fear:
 What have I done, to merit this despair?
 Why am I tortur'd thus, with grief, and care?
 There was a time, alas! I knew the day,
 When sweetly, I could pass, my hours away;
 But now, sad contemplation does conspire
 To raise my torment, only still the higher;
 Echo ye woods, the lovely fair proclaim,
 Let nought be heard, but my dear charmer's name;
 Tell her that, still she lives, within my thought,
 That still, I love her, as a lover ought;
 True, as the dial to the sun, I'll be,
 Constant, as courage to the brave, at sea;
 Ne'er shall my love, by fading time decay,
 But be to-morrow, what it is to-day.

*****:*****

To a L A D Y.

MUSIC's soft powers, may calm the troubled
breast,
And, sooth distraction into peaceful rest;
Reason, a cure for lighter ills, may prove,
But cannot, ease the heart, that's sick of love;
Love, poisons deep; it sinks into the heart,
Infects the soul, and pervades ev'ry part;
Since, only you, who did th' infection give,
The pleasing painful evil, can relieve,
Exert your power, and kindly, ease my pain,
Restore lost comfort, to your love-sick swain!

+++++

On Admiral Byng.

IF you believe, what Frenchmen say,
Byng came, was beat, and ran away;
Believe what Byng, himself hath said,
He fought, he conquer'd, and he fled;
To fly, when beat, is no new thing;
Thousands have don't, as well as Byng;
But no man did, before Byng, say,
He conquer'd, and then, run away;
Byng, therefore is, without a fable,
An Admiral, most admirable!



From a Lady to a Gentleman, in answer to a Complimentary Copy of Verses.

YOUR lines, poetic, Sir, I read,
This morning, when I rose from bed,
The air was chill, and, far as sight,
The hills, and fields, were clad in white;
The sun, tho' finish'd half his race,
In clouds, envelop'd, hid his face;
And, far and wide the naked plain,
Confess'd, stern winter's tyrant reign:

But yet, you say, "Whene'er my eyes,
"With winning smiles, salute the skies,
"The clouds disperse; unseen before,
"Phœbus conceals his face no more;
"Whene'er I trip, along the fields,
"The spring, her choicest tribute, yields;
"The flowers, spontaneous, at my feet,
"Adorn my path, o'erspread my feat."—

Prono to believe, that I possess,
Virtues, superior to the rest ;
Myself, I thought, another creature,
More beauties spy'd, in every feature ;
To my weak sex, elate with pride,
I scarce could think, myself ally'd ; —
I quickly dress'd, and, out I went,
To try, the fond experiment.
My first essay, was on the plain —
I tripp'd,—return'd, and tripp'd again ;
But still, no flow'rs, beneath my feet
Spontaneous sprung, nor deck'd my seat ;
The next, to make the storms subside,
My influence, on the skies, I try'd ;

To

To heav'n, my eyes, I gently rais'd,
 And form'd the smile, that Damon prais'd;
 Their softest smiles, my features wore,
 Yet, all continued, as before;
 'Till, strange to tell! a show'r of rain,
 The unpolish'd clouds, return'd again.——
 So, home I came, chagrin'd, and sad,
 Convinc'd, that you was fool, or—mad.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

SINCERITY.

SINCERITY, what are thy views?
 No more my breast attend;
 By thee, alas! we often, lose,
 But seldom, gain a friend.

No more, with dang'rous zeal, presume,
 To warn, whom you esteem;
 Be wise, or, I foresee your doom,
 Impertinent, you'll seem.

A thousand ills, from thee, I've found;
 A thousand more, I fear;
 In world like this, should you abound?
 What bus'ness have you here?

But, if you still, must haunt my breast,
 To desarts, we'll repair;
 Or, see the mansions the blest;
 They know your value there.

The Constant Swain.

NO more, shall daisies, smile upon the meads,
 Or winds, steal softly, o'er the bending reeds;
 The linnet, sooner cease, to tune her throat,
 And sing, mellifluous, thro' the winding grot;
 The warbling lark, forget to mount on high,
 And joyfully, salute the morning sky;
 Sooner shall Sol resign his chearing beams,
 The finny race, cease playing, in the streams;
 Sooner shall nature's order, burst away;
 The feather'd songsters, cease to sport, and play;
 Sooner shall mountains, into liquids turn,
 And Dolphins, in the raging ocean, burn;
 The starry worlds, shall from their orbits fall,
 And Chaos reign, in this terrestrial ball;
 The Northern Pole, the needle, shall forsake,
 And, heavy bodies, journies upward, take;
 Sooner shall age, its withered bloom, renew,
 E're I'm inconstant, while dear Celia's true.

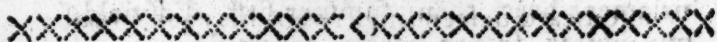
*A Description of the Golden, Silver, Brazen, and
 Iron Ages.—From OVID.*

FIRST, in the world, the golden age was seen,
 Free from all envy, hatred, strife, or spleen;
 No laws were founded, tortures were not made,
 Justice, spontaneously, mankind obey'd;
 No threatening proclamations, then were heard;
 No criminals, the voice of Judges fear'd;

No

No ships, as yet, to foreign shores were blown,
 No man, knew any climates, save his own ;
 No towns, with moats encompass'd, yet had been,
 No trumpets, swords, or helmets, yet were seen ;
 Tranquility and peace, the world enjoy'd,
 No nations, yet, by armies, were annoy'd ;
 No plows, nor harrows, ever yet were us'd,
 The earth, spontaneously, all things produc'd :
 Mankind were then, all free from toil, or pain,
 Fields produc'd food, in Saturn's happy reign :
 An unremitting spring, was ever seen,
 With fanning Zephyrs, and a sky serene ;
 In lands, untill'd, the choicest fruits, were borne,
 The unsown field, look'd white, with full-ear'd corn ;
 The rivers, were with milk, and nectar, fill'd,
 And, yellow honey, from green oaks, distill'd.
 But, after Saturn was dethron'd above,
 The world was, under the command of Jove ;
 In order next, the Silver Age, took place,
 Worse than the gold, yet preferable to brass ;
 To narrower limits, Jove, the spring confin'd,
 And, to the year, four quarters, then assign'd ;
 Spring, summer, autumn, in unequal course,
 And, frozen winter, now, the year compose ;
 Inclement heat, then, summer first, did yield,
 The winter, frozen icicles, congeal'd ;
 Then, to build houses, men were, first, compell'd,
 Before, in shades, and peaceful caves, they dwell'd ;
 Then, first, the grain was, in long furrows sown,
 Beneath their load, laborious oxen groan :
 Next in succession, came the Brazen Age,
 The rise of war, and, of tumultuous rage ;
 But, universal yet, no vice, became :
 The Iron Age, compleats, the horrid name ;
 Now vice, with greatest violence pursu'd,
 Mankind ; away fled truth, and gratitude ;
 Force, fraud, and treach'ry, now their place supply'd,
 All goodly virtues, pin'd away, and dy'd ;

The unskill'd pilot, now, unfurls his sails,
 And, drives before, the undiscover'd gales:
 The trees, which long, on lofty mountains, stood,
 Are now, cut down, and plow, the unknown flood;
 To fence the ground, is now, the meas'ers care,
 Which, 'ere was common, as the light, or air;
 Men, not contented, with their common store,
 Now, dig the earth, to seek for something more;
 Riches, they find, th' incitements of all vice,
 Which, from the Stygian shades, now, took their rise;
 Now, anxious steel, and, more pernicious gold,
 An horrid scene, of treach'rous war, unfold;
 Mankind are now, by cruel rapine fed,
 And guests, the treach'ry of each other, dread;
 Fathers, and sons-in law, now witness spleen,
 And, brotherhood, is, very seldom, seen;
 Mankind now live, in cruel war, and strife,
 The wife, and husband, seek each other's life;
 Dire stepmothers, their horrid draughts, prepare,
 Children, 'gainst parents, heavy curses, bear;
 Now, conquer'd piety, neglected lies,
 And justice, rises, to her native skies.

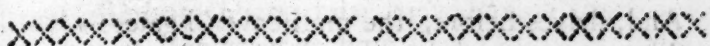


Written under a Lady's Name in a Window.

THREE brilliants, fair Celinda grac'd,
 (There, love's artillery, lies)
 One, from her snowy finger blaz'd,
 Two, sparkled, in her eyes.

The first, which shone, with fainter rays,
 Could here, her name impart;
 The others, drew her charming face,
 More deeply, on my heart.

Description



Description of a Country Parson.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

NEAR yonder copse, where once, the garden
 smil'd,
 And still, where many a garden flower, grows wild ;
 There, where a few torn shrubs, the place disclose,
 The village preacher's, modest mansion rose.
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich, with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
 Nor 'ere had chang'd, or wish'd to change, his place ;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r
 By doctrines fashion'd, to the varying hour ;
 For other aims, his heart, had learnt to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise ;
 His house was known, to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain ;
 The long remember'd beggar, was his guest,
 Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast ;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims, allow'd ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd, how fields were
 won ;
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot, their vices, in their woe ;
 Careless, their merits, or their faults, to scan,
 His pity gave, e'er charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched, was his pride,
 And even his failings, lean'd to virtue's side :

B 4

But

But in his duty, prompt at every call,
 He watch'd, and wept, and pray'd, and felt, for all.
 And, as a bird, each fond endearment, tries,
 To tempt, its new fledg'd offspring, to the skies;
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd;
 The Reverend champion stood; at his controul,
 Despair, and anguish, fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down, the trembling wretch, to raise,
 And his last faltring accents, whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek, and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd, the venerable place;
 Truth, from his lips prevail'd, with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray;
 The service past,—around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 Even children, follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
 His ready smile, a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
 To them, his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
 But, all his serious thoughts, had rest, in heav'n;
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway, leaves the storm;
 Tho' round its breast, the rolling clouds, are spread,
 Eternal sunshine, settles on its head.

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Elegy on a Miser.

WHERE shall I fly, to give my sorrows vent,
To what far distant clime, shall I repair?
Oh! for some dreary cell, I'd there lament,
Nor waste such heavy sighs, in desert air.

Why shines yon planet, with meridian light?
O! why is not, its golden lustre, fled?
Why ceases not, the moon, to rule the night?
Why mourn ye not, O stars! the mighty dead!

Old GRIPUS, son of DEMAS, is no more,
By death, grim tyrant! in the dust, is laid!
He's gone, for ever gone! amidst his store,
And nature's debt, unwillingly, he paid.

Each noble virtue, seem'd, within his breast,
To shine, conspicuous, to the public eye;
Virtues, which oft depriv'd him of his rest,
Care of his wealth, wou'd draw the manly sigh.

Celebacy, he practis'd, all his life,
In which, alas! he equall'd was by none;
He never turn'd a thought, towards a wife,
For he well knew, two mouths, were more than one.

His ample charities, next let me sing—
To needy heirs, his purse, he freely lent;
Nay, to the poor, if they a pledge would bring,
For which, he took, its said, but cent. per cent.

Two children lost their way, one ev'ning late,
 Whose story, made his tender bowels yearn ;
 He took compassion, on their helpless state,
 And let them lodge, one night, within his barn.

Sobriety, and temperance, virtues rare !
 Seem'd, with old Gripus, to go, hand in hand ;
 To break, whose wholesome rules, he did not dare,
 Unless, he was invited, by a friend.

None sure like him, e'er spent their time so well,
 To slave, and toil, while others were at rest ;
 With trembling steps, he'd creep, towards his cell,
 To pay a nightly visit, to his chest.

" Then he wou'd count, good Gods ! how he wou'd
 count ! "

And dwell, with heart-felt pleasure, on each sum ;
 Then think with rapture, on the whole amount,
 How little more would make the wish'd for plumb.

But ah, alas, he, and his wealth, must part,
 He, in his treasure, can no more take pride ;
 Death, cruel death, has smote him, to the heart,
 Against his will, alas ! poor Gripus, died.



On the Death of Dean Swift.

WHEN Gay breath'd his last, we, in silence,
 complain'd,
 But yet, we'd a Pope, and a Swift, who remain'd ;
 Pope falls ! all Parnassus resounds with our cries,
 And prayers daily made, to keep Swift from the skies ;
 Vain

Vain wishes ! vain prayers ! to the winds they are
giv'n,

For death comes relentless, and takes him to heav'n ;
At little misfortunes, we're soberly sad,
But its time, now we've lost all our wits—to run mad.

*Spoke Extempore, to a Lady, on being asked, what
this World was like ?*

THIS world, is a prison, in every respect,
Whose walls, are the heavens, in common ;
The goaler is sin, and the prisoners, men,
And the fetters, are nothing but — women.



The *T H I E F.*

ITell, with equal truth, and grief,
That, little Kit's an errant Thief ;
Before the urchin, well could go,
She stole, the whiteness of the snow ;
And more, — that whiteness to adorn,
She stole, the blushes of the morn ;
Stole, all the softness, Æther pours,
On primrose buds, in vernal show'rs,

There's no repeating all her wiles,
She stole the graces winning smiles ;
'Twas quickly seen, she robb'd the sky,
To plant a star, in either eye ;
She pilfer'd Orient pearl, for teeth,
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath ;

The

The cherry steep'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips, and hue.

These were her infant spoils, a store,
To which, in time, she added more ;
At twelve, she stole from Cyprus' Queen,
Her air, and love-commanding mein ;
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole,
From Pallas, sense, to charm the soul ;
She sung,—amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to assert, their voice, appear'd ;
She play'd—the muses, from their hill,
Wonder'd, who thus, had stole their skill ;
Apollo's wit, was next, her prey,
And then, the beams, that light the day ;
While Jove, her pilf'ring thefts, to crown,
Pronounc'd, these beauties, all her own ;
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art,
And t'other day, she stole——my heart.

Cupid ! if lovers are thy care,
Revenge the vot'ry, on the fair ;
Do justice, on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be——my arms.



Women, the best Politicians.

ONE night, plump Bet, and Coachman Ned,
A bargain struck, in haste to wed ;
A crown was stak'd, the pair consented,
To lose their pledge, who first relented :
Time, for the matrimonial farce,
To-morrow comes, Ned hangs an arse ;
Of bad, the best, poor Betsey, makes,
And, angry, claims, his forfeit stakes ;

Ned,

Ned, frankly paid it, as agreed,
 Of a worse bargain, to be freed ;
 Quoth he, thou'rt welcome, on my life,
 A cheap divorcement, from a wife ;
 The crafty Quean, who feign'd a-while,
 Soon answer'd, with a jeering smile ;
 " Ah fool, 'tis well, you first relented,
 " I'd lost,—had you, but seem'd contented ;
 " Gladly, your freedom, I'll restore,
 " One shilling, spend, and pocket four."
 Ladies, lay Ovid's rules apart,
 In love, learn—thriftier Betsy's art.



Epigram by Dean Swift.

AS, Thomas was cudgell'd, one day, by his wife,
 He took to his heels, and ran, for his life ;
 Joins three dearest friends, com'd by, in the squabble,
 And screen'd him at once, from the shrew, & the rabble ;
 They, ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice,
 But, Tom is a fellow, of humour so nice,
 Too proud, to take counsel, too wise to take warning,
 He sent, to all three, a challenge next morning ;
 He fought with all three, thrice, ventur'd his life,
 Then, went home again, and was, thresh'd by
 his wife.



To a Young Lady with Pope's Epistles.

THE vain love flattery, pleasure, fools pursue,
 Coquets, new conquests, but, bright wisdom,
 you ;

Truth,

Truth, you can bear, nor spleen, nor vapours, feign,
 Yet, blush at scandal, with a just disdain ;
 You see, unmov'd, Bohea, and Whist, submit,
 With nine yard hoops, to ridicule, and wit ;
 And, think it possible, a man may speak,
 Good sense, who wears, an apron, all the week ;
 Pope, you can read, yet, native ease maintain,
 Affect no airs, the formal, or the vain ;
 Swell with no pride, indulge no pert reply,
 In sense, a man, a maid, in modesty.

When this great bard, in honest satyre bold,
 Dares, ev'ry female foible, to unfold ;
 Guiltless yourself, you'll see, with wond'ring eyes,
 The motley picture, of the sex arise ;
 Zealous with Pope, their manners to correct,
 And, with your virtues, contrast each defect.



*On a nice Old Bachelor, who often carries a Dog
 in his Bosom.*

THE Ladies (most justly) of Damon complain,
 And shun the poor wretch with an haughty
 disdain ;
 A beautiful female he'll ever refuse,
 And for a companion, young Pompey does chuse.
 The wits of the town, who throw sneers in his way ;
 And women of fashion, that plague him each day ;
 Expose the weak mortal in every street,
 Where railing and hissing he often does meet,
 Young Pompey, when't rains, he's not suffer'd to
 trudge,
 Along in the dirt, nay, not even to budge :
 But content and secure, disregards ev'ry storm,
 While Damon takes care pretty Pompey to warm.
 A brutish

A brutish companion, O ! Damon despise,
 No longer be treated with sneers from the wife ;
 Let Pompey nō more in your bosom take place,
 But learn to detest all the inhuman race :
 For men were design'd in th' original state,
 Each other to love, and acquire a mate ;
 And if thou would'st have a companion for life,
 First banish young Pompey, then get a good wife :
 So shall your joys, when experienc'd, declare,
 That pleasure must always result from the fair.



Epigram on the King of Prussia.

KING, Hero, Philosopher, Author, Musician,
 Free-Mason, Œconomist, Bard, Politician,
 If a christian, how happy would Europe have been
 And alas ! if a man, how transported his Queen !

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A MONODY.

THE other day, I went to Roger's house,
 Who'd lately lost poor Madge, his loving spou!
 Shock'd, I expected to have found 'em all,
 With frowns redoubled, weep about the hall ;
 But strange ! I heard, pray drink about good folks,
 And fidlers all play up, play up my bucks ;
 Play MADGE's Monody, and let's be merry,
 And drink her a good passage o'er the ferry ;
 Her loss, odzoons, 'its folly to rehearse,
 For who would change a blessing for a curse.



On D E A T H.

WHAT is in death, that men should fear to die ?
 Or what is life but care and misery ?
 The world's chief glories are not worth our stay ;
 Their distant beauties, when approach'd, decay ;
 Like lover's dreams, which paint the yielding fair,
 We grasp a shade, and fill our arms with air.

Mount then, my soul ! extend thy pinions wide !
 For Heav'n thy course, let virtue be thy guide ;
 She dares thro' death's dark gulph undaunted steer,
 Surmounting danger, and contemning fear.

Led on by her, tho' threatening tempests rise,
 And roaring thunder roll along the skies :
 Tho' earth and hell should all their legions join,
 To stop thy course, and baffle thy design ;
 Securely guarded, upward shalt thou soar,
 Above the reach of, their, malicious pow'r.



Paradise Regain'd.—To a Friend.

LORD of himself, and sole of human kind,
 In rectitude of reason, Adam shone ;
 Till the still voice infus'd into his mind,
 It is not good for man to be alone.

By Gods own hand, his virgin Eve was led,
 Now Paradise, with fresher beauties glows :
 The conscious roses from a blushing bed,
 Consenting nature soothes them to repose.

A single,

A single, is an inconsistent life :
 Compleatly blest, O ! friend ! to thee is giv'n,
 A sweet, a fair, a wife, a modest wife,
 The bloom of innocence, and blush of Heav'n.

May Eden-life in bright succession flow,
 When all was happiness, for love was all ;
 Her beauties will a Paradise bestow,
 And both your virtues guard you from a fall.



A QUESTION.

*By Mr. Joseph England, late a School-Master,
 in Wakefield.*

TELL me, ye learned heads, if such there be,
 Nature's profound and secret mystery ?
 How this vast orb on unseen axles turns,
 And unconsum'd the sun for ever burns ?
 What unknown pow'r gives its heat such force,
 Orders its motion, and directs its course ?
 How angry tempests drive the seas to shore,
 Beat the vast swelling waves, and make 'em roar ?
 When waves, like mighty islands, rise and swell,
 How fish beneath those moving mountains dwell ?
 Why servile springs do constant tribute pay,
 Unto their arbitrary monarch, sea ?
 How, in the hidden space of fates dark womb,
 Things are at present laid, that are to come ?
 Next the mysterious births of flowers disclose
 From the field daisy, to the garden rose ?
 Why such a painted coat, the tulip wears,
 And why in red, the blushing rose appears ?
 Why clad in white the harmless lilly's seen,
 And how the scent comes from the jessamin ?

Why

Why humble strawberries creep on the ground,
 And why the apple struts and looks around ?
 Why ivy clings to th' oaks knot-harden'd waist,
 And why, by loving vine, the elm's embrac'd ?
 Why nature did, for fishes scales prepare,
 And cloath some beasts with wool, and some with hair ?
 Why golden feathers do the birds adorn,
 And with their notes salute the russet morn ?
 And why all these are destin'd to maintain,
 The Sovereign Lord of all the creatures, man ?

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Q U E R E.

THERE is a certain Book, in the Sacred Writings, wherein no mention is made, of either God, or Devil, Angel, or Spirit, Heaven, or Hell.

Q. What Book is it ? — *Ans.* The Book of Esther.

R E F L E C T I O N S.

1. **L**ET eloquence boast of no advantage ; it can do nothing more than make men attentive to truths, of which every one carries the conviction within himself. Nothing but man can persuade himself.

2. There are people that speak a great deal, without saying any thing. I compare them to trees, which by having too many leaves, bear no fruit.

3. Shew

3. Shew esteem to men of letters, and they will require no more of you.

4. It is astonishing that those who are most taken up with themselves, are the very persons that strive to avoid themselves most.

5. Modesty is equally useful to the man of merit, and to him that has no merit ; because it proves the one, and hides the faults of the other.

6. Errors which ought to be nipped in the bud, gain credit by growing old. Nothing but truths ought to last always, which we suffer to grow weaker by becoming old.

7. Good company is frequented for the sake of amusement and relaxation. Why then is it quitted for much the same purposes ?

8. Whoever has a mind to learn every thing, must expect to know nothing thoroughly. Heaps of science, jumbled together, are as far from making one learned, as parcels of stones, heaped on one another by chance, are from forming an handsome edifice.

9. There is nothing more dangerous to a Prince, than to be positive and peremptory in his resolutions.

10. It is as rare for a Sovereign to be inclined to hear a piece of news that may displease him, as it is, to find persons that have courage enough to tell him the news.

11. Doubt is the school of truth. The learned man doubts because he does not see all ; the ignorant person doubts of nothing, because he believes he knows all. The first cannot conceal from himself his ignorance, and he is therefore the more modest, The
second

second is unacquainted with his own, and for that reason is more vain and bold.

12. Do we know why a man who knows nothing, believes himself an able person? It is because he does not know that he knows nothing.



Beauty's Value.—By Shakespear.

BEAUTY is but a vain, a fleeting good,
A shining gloss that faideth suddenly;
A flower, that dies when almost in the bud,
A brittle glass, that breaketh presently.

A fleeting good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead, within an hour.

As goods when lost, we know, are seldom found,
As fading gloss no rubbing can excite;
As flowers, when dead, are trampled on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can unite;

So beauty blemish'd once, is ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pains, and cost.



*On the frequent Defeats of the French Army,
in the last War.*

An EPIGRAM.

THE toast of each Briton, in war's dread alarms,
O'er bottle or bowl, is success to our arms;
Attack'd, put to flight, and soon forc'd from each
trench,
Success to our legs, is the toast of the French.



A Sailor having been sentenced to the Cat of Nine Tails, when tied ready for Punishment, spoke the following Lines to his Commander, who had an Aversion to a Cat.

BY your honours command, an example I stand,
Of your justice to all the ship's crew;
I am hamper'd and strip'd, and if I am whip'd,
'Tis no more, than I own, is my due.

In this bad condition, I humbly petition,
To offer some lines to your eye:
Merry Tom by such trash, avoided the lash,
And if fate and you please, so may I.

There's nothing you hate, (i'm inform'd) like a cat,
Why! your honour's aversion is mine;
If pufs then with one tail, can so make your heart fail,
O! save me from that which has nine.

N. B. He was pardoned.



The Stag and the Oxen.

A Stag unharbour'd by the hounds,
Forth from his woodland covert bounds,
And blind with terror, at the alarm,
Of death, makes to a neighb'ring farm,
There snugly hides himself in straw,
Which in an ox's stall he saw,

“ Wretch

" Wretch that thou art ! (a bullock cry'd)
 " That com'st within this place to hide,
 " By trusting man you are undone,
 " And into sure destruction run."

But he with suppliant voice replies,
 " Do you but wink with both your eyes,
 " I soon shall my occasions shape,
 " To make from hence a fair escape."

The day is spent, the night succeeds,
 The herdsman comes, the cattle feeds,
 But nothing sees——then to and fro,
 Time after time the servants go ;
 Yet not a soul perceives the case,
 The steward passes by the place ;
 Himself no wiser than the rest——
 The joyful Stag his thanks address'd
 To all the oxen, that be there,
 Had found a refuge in despair.

" We wish you well, (an ox return'd)
 " But, for your life are still concern'd,
 " For if old Argus comes, no doubt,
 " His hundred eyes will find you out."
 Scarce had the speaker made an end,
 When, from the supper of a friend,
 The master enters at the door,
 And (seeing that the steers were poor
 Of late) advances to the rack,
 " Why were the fellows hands so slack ?—
 " Here's hardly any straw at all,
 " Brush down these cobwebs from the wall.
 " Pray how much labour would it ask."

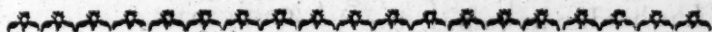
While thus he undertakes the task,
 To dust, and rummage by degrees,
 The Stag's exalted horns he sees.——
 Then calling all his folks around,
 He lays him breathless on the ground.

The master (as the tale declares)
 Looks sharpest to his own affairs.



Epitaph on a Grave Stone in Northamptonshire.

TIME was, I stood where thou do'st now,
 And view'd the dead, as thou do'st me ;
 E're long, thou'lt lie as low as I,
 And others stand, and look on thee.



Against Libels.

BURNT be the piece, forgot the author's name,
 That dares to hurt a good man's honest fame ;
 Alarms the virtuous breast with causeless fear,
 Or draws from innocence a single tear ;
 Whose pois'nous rage invents the dire disgrace,
 And spreads the blush upon the modest face ;
 What tho', with flow'ry words the lines be fraught,
 With keenest wit, and finest turns of thought ;
 What though, the reader's nicer ear to soothe,
 Well tim'd the pause, the numbers soft and smooth ;
 Thus dipt in oil, the polish'd razor's found,
 With greater ease to give the deeper wound



*Elegy on Ralph Allen, Esq; of Prior Park near
 Bath, who died in 1764.*

A DIEU, ye sylvan scenes, tho' wont to please,
 And calm the soul with inward woe depress ;
 Tho' form'd the smart of piercing grief to ease,
 And soothe the mind disconsolate, to rest.

ALLEN !

ALLEN ! the good, the generous, and wise
 From all the glittering pomp of life is fled !
 Patient he clos'd in death his peaceful eyes,
 Submissive fell, and mingled with the dead.

Tho' born obscure, to opulence he rose,
 And made his virtue, with his grandeur known ;
 He lov'd his King, and arm'd against his foes,
 He join'd his country's int'rest with his own.

His soul was great, benevolent, and kind,
 Of others grief, he shar'd a friendly part ;
 His vast munificence was unconfin'd,
 His lib'ral hand, display'd a generous heart.

Encircl'd round his hospitable door,
 With thankful hearts, and with uplifted eyes,
 Fed by his bounty, stood the grateful poor,
 While for his life their prayers to Heaven rise.

But now, alas ! their cheeks bedew'd with tears,
 And streaming eyes, the woeful loss deplore !
 In each sad face anxiety appears,
 Their joy is gone, for ALLEN is no more.

And is he gone ! ah ! never to return,
 No more to shine but in immortal fame !
 The bursting tears shed round his sacred urn,
 Shall bear in memory, his honour'd, name.

See winged Seraphs lead the heav'nly way,
 And guide his soul in her celestial flight,
 To realms of bliss, to everlasting day,
 To scenes of boundless joy, and spotless light.

On a Certain Lady's Study.

TO Chloe's study shall we go,
 (For Ladies have their studies now)
 Oh ! what a splendid sight is there !
 'Twould make the dullest hermit stare ;
 There stands all rang'd in proud array,
 Each French romance, and modern play ;
 Love's magazine, of flames and darts,
 Whole histories of eyes and hearts !
 But oh ! view well the outward scene,
 You'll never need to look within ;
 What *Chloe* loves, she plainly shows,
 For lo ! her very books are beaux.

*On Husband's Poems, printed in Sheets, by
 Subscription.*

THE author's name is sure a bribe,
 To tempt the fair one, to subscribe ;
 Here, each indulgent female meets
 A *HUSBAND*, and what's more—in *SHEETS* !
 Here, you may turn him o'er and o'er,
 He wishes he could please you more ;
 But if to please you he be found,
 He is contented to be bound.

Life is Short.

MAN's life, like any weaver's shuttle flies,
 Or, like a tender flow'ret, fades and dies ;
 Or, like a race, it ends without delay,
 Or, like a vapour, vanishes away ;

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C

Or,

Or, like a candle, it each moment wastes,
 Or, like a vessel, under sail it hastes ;
 Or, like the post, it gallops very fast,
 Or, like the shadow of a cloud, 'tis past ;
 Our castles are but weak, and strong the foe,
 Our time's but short, our death is certain too ;
 But, as his coming is a secret still,
 Let us be ready, come death when he will,



Aaron's Shew Box.

BRETHREN elect, of Israel's flock
 (Your looks no longer scare one,)
 We are now friends, come, round my flock,
 What will you buy of Aaron ?

My lads and lasses, why this haste ?
 Come, view my traffick nearer,
 For know, when once our patent's pass'd,
 'Twill cost you all much dearer.

See here ! my spectacles, so bright,
 For learn'd, and reverend noses,
 Which will reflect rabbinic light ;
 On Hebrew, and on Moses.

Observe my other glasses too,
 Which suit with all conditions ;
 Which shorten, or extend the view,
 Of purblind politicians.

You, who for high preferment hope,
 And far extend your aim ;
 Within your reach this telescope,
 Will bring, at once, your game.

But

But O ! let prudence be your guide,
 In claiming its assistance ;
 For, should you turn to the wrong side,
 'Twill throw it, at a distance,

See here ! my multiplying glafs,
 Not that I recommend it ;
 Except to Judas' chosen race,
 Where transports will attend it.

See ribbons, for your head and waist,
 My rings, and buttons view ;
 Assistances for the strait lac'd,
 And those that buckle too.

What will my pretty maidens buy ?
 Come, gratify your passion ;
 You will not be to Jews so shy,
 When beads come once in fashion,

See, here are pins in glitt'ring rows,
 And thimbles, worth your minding ;
 See, tape,—and braiding for your shoes,
 And quality for binding.

See, bodkins, lancets, scissars, knives,
 Will make your business easy ;
 And cut for widows, maids or wives,
 —The prettiest things to please ye !

What though my watches springs are loose,
 And all the wheels in fault are ;
 They're not at all less fit for use,
 Which with the times will alter.

Six-pence a-piece these seals—nay, pick ;
 Don't think I cheat or couzen ;
 At Birmingham they cost, last week,
 At least, two groats a dozen.

For two-pence, Paul ;—for this, a crown ;
 Take care, boy, how you spoil it ;
 O sacriledge, to drop it down !
 Why, 'tis the head—of Pilate !

Come buy, my friends, and trust me then ;
 The faithful ne'er will wrong ye ;
 We shall grow truer English men,
 The more we live among ye.

We'll never leave you in the lurch,
 Like Nazaritish minions :
 We, ev'ry soul, will come to church,
 When you hold our opinions.

Then let the christian slaves beware,
 They treat us as trepanners ;
 When, with their money, we shall share,
 Their politicks and manners !



Answer to the foregoing.

Address'd to the Author.

WHEN you the Hebrew's stores rehearse,
 Your muse extols in pleasing verse,
 Rabbi Aaron's box of goods,
 With glassees, buttons, seals, and studs ;
 I lately heard him cry his wares,
 At races, markets, feasts, and fairs ;
 And, 'mongst the rest o'th rabble there,
 Attentively I stood to hear :

The first thing he did recommend,
 To dim-ey'd people, was a friend ;
 A prospect-glass, with which you'd see,
 Things at a distance perfectly ;
 I soon found that, by its assistance,
 I saw things plainly at a distance.
 I clos'd one eye, for one will do,
 To view things through a tube, you know.
 As soon as e'er I got a peep,
 I saw a lion fast a-sleep ;
 Which look'd t' have been a noble creature,
 But too much sleep, had chang'd his nature ;
 And, by the way, I'll tell you roundly,
 It is not good to sleep too soundly ;
 For, whilst the lion lay a-sleep,
 A huge rat to his beard did creep ;
 (By jove, so big, it wou'd have made
 A waking lion be afraid ;))
 With tail as bushy as a broom,
 To sweep the kingdom's coffers down ;
 To th' lions beard, he soon found way,
 Tho' under 's forefeet thistles lay ;
 But 'twas no hindrance to the creature ;
 (They'll do, you know, as 'tis their nature ;))
 But shameful, Sirs, it is to tell,
 How on the lion's beard he fell,
 And wou'd not leave it, while a hair,
 Did on the lion's face appear,
 Under the lion's hinder paw,
 A broken harp, I think, I saw.
 Hang o'er the lion's head I spy'd,
 I think, a bunch of roots there ty'd ;
 Such as Sir Hudibras hath found,
 To flourish most, in barren ground :
 To see a lion in such station
 Brought to my mind the Eng—sh N—ti—n.



The Morning Interview.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

WHEN silent show'rs refresh the pregnant soil,
 And tender fallats eat with Tuscan oil ;
 Harmonious music gladdens every grove,
 While bleating lambkins from their parents rove,
 And o'er the plain the anxious mothers stray,
 Calling their tender care with hoarser bae.
 Now cheerful zephyr from the western skies,
 With easy flight o'er painted meadows flies,
 To kiss his Flora with a gentle air,
 Who yields to his embrace, and looks more fair.

When from debauch with spirituous juice oppress'd,
 The sons of Bacchus stagger home to rest,
 With tatted wigs, foul shoes, and uncock'd hats,
 And all bedaub'd with snuff their loose cravats.
 The sun began to sip the morning dew,
 As Damon from his restless pillow flew.

Him late from Celia's cheek a patch did wound,
 A patch high seated on the blushing round.
 His painful thoughts all night forbid him rest,
 And he employ'd that night as one oppress'd ;
 Musing revenge, and how to countermine
 The strongest force, and ev'ry deep design
 Of patches, fans, of necklaces and rings,
 Ev'n music's pow'r, when Celia plays or sings.

Fatigu'd with running errands all the day,
 Happy in want of thought his valet lay,
 Recruiting strength with sleep—his master calls,
 He, starts with lock'd up eyes, and beats the walls ;

A second

A second thunder rouses up the sot,
 He yawns and murmurs curses thro' his throat :
 Stockings awry, and breeches knees unlac'd,
 And buttons do mistake their holes for haste.
 His master raves—cries, Roger, make dispatch,
 Time flies apace, he frown'd, and look'd his watch :
 Haste, do my wig, ty't, with the careless knots,
 And run to Civets, let him fill my box ;
 Go to my laundress, see what makes her stay,
 And call a coach and barber in your way.

Thus orders jumble orders in a throng ;
 Roger with laden mem'ry trots along.
 His errands done ; with brushes next he must
 Renew his toil amidst perfuming dust ;
 The yielding comb he leads with artful care,
 Thro' crook'd meanders of the flaxen hair ;
 E'er this perform'd he's almost choack'd to death,
 The air is thicken'd, and he pants for breath.
 The trav'ller thus in the Numidian plains
 A conflict with the driving sands sustains.

Two hours are past, and Damon is equipt,
 Pensive he stalks, and meditates the fight ;
 Arm'd cap-a-pee, in dress a killing beau,
 Thrice view'd his glass, and thrice resolv'd to go
 Flush'd full of hope to overcome his foe.
 His early prayers are all to Paphos sent,
 That Jove's sea daughter wou'd give her consent :
 Cry'd, " send thy little son unto my aid,"
 Then took his hat, tript out, and no more said.

What lofty thoughts do sometimes push a man,
 Beyond the verge of his own native span !
 Keep low thy thoughts, frail clay, nor, boast thy
 pow'r,
 Fate will be fate ; and since there's nothing sure,
 Vex not thyself too much, but catch th' auspicious
 hour.

The tow'ring lark had thrice his mattins sung,
 And thrice were bells for pious service rung.
 In plaids wrapt up, prudes throng the sacred dome,
 And leave the spacious petticoat at home ;
 While softest dreams seal up fair Celia's eyes,
 She dreams of Damon, and forgets to rise.
 A sportive Sylph contrives the subtle snare ;
 Sylphs know the charming baits which catch the fair ;
 She shews him, handsome, brawny, rich and young,
 With snuff box, cane, and sword knot finely hung,
 Well skill'd in airs of dangle, tofs, and rap,
 Those graces which the tender hearts entrap.

* Where Aulus oft makes law for justice pass,
 And Charles's statue stands in lasting brass,
 Amidst a lofty square which strikes the sight
 With spacious fabrics of stupendous height ;
 Whose sublime roofs in clouds advance so high,
 They seem the watch tow'rs of the nether sky ;
 Where once, alas ! where once the three estates
 Of Scotland's Parliament held free debates ;
 Here Celia dwelt, and here did Damon move,
 Press'd by his rigid fate, and raging love.

To her apartment straight the daring swain
 Approach'd, and softly knock'd, nor knock'd in vain ;
 The nymph, new wak'd, starts from her lazy down,
 And rolls her gentle limbs in morning gown ;
 But half awake, she judges it must be
 FRANKALIA come to take her morning tea ;
 Cries, welcome cousin ; but she soon began
 To change her visage, when she saw a man :
 Her unfix'd eyes, with various turnings range,
 And pale surprize to modest red exchange ;
 Doubtful 'twixt modesty and love she stands,
 Then asks the bold impertinent's demands ;
 Her strokes are doubled, and the youth now found
 His pains increase, and open ev'ry wound ;

Who

* A Spacious Square in Edinburgh.

Who can describe the charms of loose attire ?
 Who can resist the flames with which they fire ?
 Ah, barbarous maid ! he cries, sure native charms
 Are too, too much, why then such store of arms ?
 Madam, I come, prompt by th' uneasy pains
 Caus'd by a wound from you, and want revenge ;
 A borrow'd pow'r was posited on a charm ;
 A patch, dam'd patch ! can patches do such harm ?

He said, then threw a bomb, lay hid within
 Love's mortar piece, the dimple of his chin ;
 It mist for once, she lifted up her head,
 And blush'd a smile that almost struck him dead,
 Then cunningly retir'd but he pursu'd
 Near to the toilet, where the war renew'd
 So the great Fabius often *gain'd* the day
 O'er Hannibal, by frequent giving way ;
 So warlike Bruce and Wallace sometimes deign'd
 To seem defeat, yet certain conquest gain'd.

Thus was he led in midst of Celia's room,
 Speechless he stood, and waited for his doom ;
 Words were but vain, he scarce cou'd use his breath,
 As round he view'd the impliments of death,
 Her dreadful arms in careless heaps were laid,
 In gay disorder round her tumbled bed ;
 He often to the soft retreat, would stare,
 Still wishing he might give the battle there.
 Stund with the thought his wand'ring looks did stray
 To where lac'd shoes and her silk stockings lay,
 And garters which are never seen by day. }
 His dazzl'd eyes almost deserted light,
 No man before had ever got the sight ;
 A lady's garters, earth ! their very name,
 Tho' yet unseen, sets all the soul on flame ;
 The * Royal Ned knew well their mighty charms,
 Else he'd ne'er hoop'd one round the English Arms ;

C 5

Let

* Edward III. King of England, first established the most
 Noble Order of the Garter.

Let barb'rous honours crown the sword and lance,
Thou, next their King, does British Knights ad-
vance,

O GARTER! *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

O ! who can all these hidden turns relate,
That do attend on a rash lover's fate !
In deep distress the youth turn'd up his eyes,
As if to ask assistance from the skies.
The petticoat was hanging on a pin,
Which the unlucky swain star'd up within ;
His curious eyes too daringly did rove,
Around this oval conic vault of love.
Himself alone can tell the pain he found,
As his wild sight survey'd forbidden ground.
He view'd the tenfold fence, and gave a groan,
His trembling limbs bespoke his courage gone ;
Stupid and pale he stood, like statue dumb
The amber snuff dropt from his careless thumb.

Be silent, here, my muse, and shun a plea,
May rise betwixt old Bickerstaff and me,
For none may touch a petticoat but he.

Damon thus, foil'd, breath'd with a dying tone,
" Assist, ye powers of love ! or I am gone,"
The ardent prayer soon reach'd the Cyprian grove,
Heard and accepted by the Queen of love ;
Fate was propitious too, her son was by,
Who 'midst his dread artillery did lie
Of Flanders lace, and straps of curious dye.
On India muslin shades the God did loll,
His head reclin'd upon a tinsy roll.

The mother goddess thus her son bespoke,
" Thou must, my boy, assume the shape of Shock,
" And leap to Celia's lap, whence thou may slip
" Thy paw up to her breast, and reach her lip ;
" Strike

" Strike deep thy charms, thy pow'rful art display,
 " To make young Damon conqueror to day ;
 " Thou need not blush to change thy shape, since Jove
 " Try'd most of brutal forms to gain his love ;
 " Who, that he might the loud Saturnia gull,
 " For fair Europas sake, inform'd a bull."

She spoke—not quicker does the lamp of day
 Dart on the mountain tops a gilded ray,
 Swifter than lightning flies before the clap,
 From Cyprus isle he reached Celia's lap ;
 Now fawns, now wags his tail, and licks her arm ;
 She hugs him to her breast, nor dreads the harm,
 So in Ascanius shape, the God unseen,
 Of old deceiv'd the Carthaganian Queen.

So now the subtle pow'r his time espies,
 And threw two barbed darts in Celia's eyes ;
 Many were broke before he could succeed,
 But that of gold flew whizzing thro' her head ;
 These were his last reserve,—when others fail,
 Then the refulgent metal must prevail ;
 Pleasure produc'd by money now appears,
 Coaches and fix run rattling in her ears ;
 O liv'ry men ! attendants ! household plate !
 Court-poets and visits ! pompous air and state ;
 How can your splendor easy access find,
 And gently captivate, the fair one's mind ?
 Success attends, Cupid has play'd his part,
 And sunk the pow'rful venom to her heart ;
 She cou'd no more, she's caught in the snare,
 Sighing, she fainted in her easy chair ;
 No more the sanguine streams in blushes glow,
 But to support the heart, all inward flow,
 Leaving the cheek as cold and white as snow.
 Thus Celia fell, or rather thus did rise ;
 Thus Damon made, or else was made a prize ;
 For both were conquerors, and both did yield ;
 First She, now He, is master of the field.

Now

Now he resumes fresh life, abandons fear,
 Jumps to his limbs, and does more gay appear;
 Not gaming heir when his rich parent dies;
 Not zealot reading hackney's party lies;
 Not soft fifteen on her feet-washing night;
 Not poet, when his muse sublimes her flight;
 Not an old maid at some young beauty's fall;
 Not the long tending * Stibler at his call;
 Not husbandman in drouth when rain descends;
 Not Miss, when † Limberham his purse extends,
 E'er knew such raptures, as this joyful swain,
 When yielding dying Celia calm'd his pain;
 The rapid joys now in such torrents roll,
 That scarce his organs can retain his soul.

Victor, he's generous, courts the fair's esteem,
 And takes a basin fill'd with limpid stream,
 Then from his fingers forms an artful rain,
 Which rous'd the dormant spirits of her brain,
 And made the purple channels flow again;
 She lives, he sings; she smiles, and looks more tame,
 Now peace and friendship is the only theme.

The muse owns freely here she does not know,
 If language pass'd betwixt the Belle and Beau
 Or if in courtship, such use words or no.
 But, sure it is, there was a parley beat,
 And mutual love finish'd the proud debate.
 Then to complete the peace and seal the bliss,
 He, for a diamond ring, receive a kiss
 Of her soft hand——next the aspiring youth
 With eager transports, press'd her glowing mouth,
 So, by degrees, the Eagles teach their young,
 To mount on high, and stare upon the Sun.

A sumptuous entertainment crown'd the war,
 And all rich requisites were brought from far;

* A Probationer.——† A kind Keeper.

The

The table boasts its being from Japan,
 Th' ingenious work of some great artisan ;
 China, where potters coarsest mould refine,
 That rays thro' the transparent vessels shine ;
 The costly plates and dishes are from thence,
 And Amazonia must her fruits dispense ;
 To her warm banks, our vessels cut the main,
 For the sweet product of her luscious cane ;
 Here, Scotia does no costly tribute bring,
 Only some kettles full of * Todian spring.

Where Indus and the double Ganges flow,
 On odorif'rous plains, the leaves do grow,
 Chief of the treat, a plant the boast of fame,
 Sometimes call'd Green, Bohea's its greater name.

O ! happiest of herbs ! who would not be
 Pythagoriz'd into the form of thee,
 And with high transports, act the part of Tea !
 Kisses on thee, the haughty Belles bestow,
 While in thy steams, their coral lips do glow ;
 Thy virtues and thy flavour they commend,
 While men, even beaux, with parched lips attend.

* Tod's Well in Edinburgh.

*An Inscription on the Monument of the Marquis of
 Winchester, a firm Friend to King Charles the
 First, erected to his Memory at Englefield, in
 Berkshire.*

HE, who in impious times untainted stood,
 And 'midst rebellion durst be just and good ;
 Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more,
 Confirm'd the cause, for which he fought before ;
 Rests

Rests here, rewarded by an Heavenly Prince,
 For what his earthly, could not recompense ;
 Pray, reader, that such times no more appear,
 Or, if they happen, learn true honour here ;
 Ark of his ages, faith and loyalty,
 Which (to preserve them) Heav'n confin'd in thee ;
 Few subjects, could a King, like thine, deserve,
 And fewer, such a King, so well could serve ;
 Blest King, blest subject, whose exalted state,
 By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate ;
 Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given,
 To earth, were meant for ornaments to Heav'n.



*On a Monument erected in Westminster Abbey, to
 the Memory of John Sheffield, Duke of Buck-
 ingham, who died in 1720, aged 74, is a Latin
 Inscription to the following Purpose.*

I Lived doubtful, not dissolute,
 I die unresolved, not unresigned ;
 Ignorance and error, are incident to human nature,
 I trust in an Almighty, and all good God,
 Thou King of Kings, have mercy upon me.



*On the Monument of Lord Beauclerk, Son to the
 Duke of Saint Albans, who was killed in that
 memorable Expedition against Carthagera, 1740.*

WHILST Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
 This marble, shall compell the brave to weep ;
 As men, as Britons, and as soldiers, mourn,
 'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.

Sweet

Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great;
 And ripe his worth, tho' immature his fate;
 Each tender grace that joy and love inspires,
 Living, he mingled with his martial fires;
 Dying, he bid Brittannia's thunder roar;
 And Spain still felt him, when he breath'd no more.



*On the Peerless Pool Bath, near the London
 Lying-in-Hospital.*

WHILE loftier bards, in tuneful numbers sing,
 The blooming beauties, of the chearful spring;
 The verdant vale, the gently-whisp'ring breeze,
 The flow'ry meadow, and the waving trees;
 I, uninform'd to strike the vocal string,
 Or soar aloft, on nimble fancy's wing,
 Just late unfetter'd from a country school,
 Attempt the praises of the Peerless Pool.

Near where Augusta's lofty temples rise,
 Whose tow'ring tops, invade the threaten'd skies,
 With artful rows of spreading trees beset,
 To veil its beauties from the solar heat;
 Where warbling birds, their choicest notes essay,
 To welcome in, the blooming dawn of day;
 Where calmly, distant from the noisy strife,
 Of tumults various, and a city life,
 The men of trade from chains of bus'ness free,
 May taste a-while the sweets of liberty;
 A spacious bath, for use and pleasure made,
 Where thousand beauties, stand at once display'd;
 Presents profuse each day its liquid shore,
 And more accepted, offers still, the more.

Here,

Here, wide expos'd to sols meridian blaze,
 And burnt beneath the fury of his rays,
 His painful heart, the weary swain may cool,
 And feel the virtues, of the friendly pool ;
 Or else, oppress'd with pains afflictive weight,
 And bow'd beneath a weak and sickly state,
 The sad complainant may obtain relief,
 And sooth at least, if not remove his grief ;
 His nerves relax'd by toil or sorrow's course,
 May here regain their long extended force ;
 His tortur'd limbs may balmy ease receive,
 And longer he, or more contented, live ;
 Or else, instructed to contemn the waves,
 Where untaught thousands make their wat'ry graves ;
 The sprightly youth their nervous limbs may ply,
 And each with other for the vict'ry vie ;
 From danger free, from side to side may float,
 Regale their senses, and their health promote ;
 While parent's tears no more aloud resound,
 In useless moans a darling offspring drown'd ;
 Or else, if weary of the wat'ry sport,
 At dawn or close of day, they may resort,
 Where skilful anglers undisturb'd recline,
 To watch the motion, of the speaking line ;
 Revive their spirits, and their cares allay,
 And bear with joy, the finny prize away.

Such is the place, my artless lines proclaim,
 And Peerless Pool, its nature and its name.
 May loftier songs, in future times confess,
 Its rising charms, and various virtues bless ;
 My best applause, their just deserts shall crown,
 Well pleas'd, to see my mean attempt, out-done.

Verses

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX:XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

*Verses wrote by a Gentleman upon his being slighted
by a Lady, on Account of his being a little crooked.*

'TIS true my shape is something odd,
But blaming me, is blaming God ;
For had I spoke myself to birth,
I'd pleas'd the prettiest lass, on earth :
And could I form myself a-new,
I would not fail of pleasing you.

Your charms have long been dear to fame,
And half the country toast your name ;
But who, that dimpling chin supply'd,
And lent thy cheeks, the rosy pride ?
With hair of jet, thy temples grac'd,
And with a slender shape, thy waist ?
Thyself, had thou thus beauteous made,
To thee, the praise were duly paid ;
Thy pride might then have leave to swell,
Thy motto this, " I'VE MADE ME WELL."
But since the power that fashion'd thee,
With the same hand, created me ;
Who might have touch'd my shape, like thine,
And lent thee one, deform'd as mine ;
For what thou art, that power adore,
And, sneer at my odd shape, no more.
Those eyes that dart destructive rays,
Hence let them sparkle to his praise.
Thy breast, the seat of love and snow,
Teach them his praise to pant and glow ;
Then Heav'n inspire thy yielding voice,
To one that's better worth thy choice ;
And if the rest my suit disdain,
The thought shall never give me pain ;
But that I tempt no heavier curse,
Heav'n I'll adore, I'm made no worse.



On Reading the Foregoing. — By a Lady.

DEFORM'D that happy youth cannot appear,
 Whose thoughts are bright, and sense and
 judgment clear ;
 Who boldly dares, in these ungrateful days,
 To thank his God, and give his Maker, praise ;
 When sentiments like these, the bosom fire,
 Defects are lost, — 'tis merit we admire.



On Chance and Predestination.

THREE different schemes, Philosophers assign,
 A chance, a fate, a providence divine ;
 Which to embrace of these three diff'rent views,
 Methinks, it is not difficult to chuse ;
 For first, what wisdom, or what sense, to cry,
 Things happen "so and so" we know not why ?
 Or how are we advanc'd one jot, to know,
 When things once are, that, they must needs be so ?
 To see such order, and deny all laws,
 Feel such effects, and yet confess no cause,
 What can be more extravagant and odd ?
 He only reasons, who believes a God.



A P A R A D O X.

AYouth did travel far and near,
 To find a near relation ;
 He had not seen for many a year,
 Tho' both liv'd in the nation ;

His.

His aunts own sister, was this kin,
 By father and their mother ;
 But yet no aunt, she was to him,
 Nor aunt, unto his brother ;

All born legitimate and free,
 As by our laws is grounded ;
 Declare then the affinity,
 By which their kin is founded ?

Answer, His Mother.



Epitaph on a Scolding Wife.

HERE rests my wife ; poor Molly ! let her lie :
 She finds repose at last—and so do I.



On DANCING.

EACH sex the other answers, limb to limb,
 He twirls his legs at her, and she at him ;
 He ogles, smiles, presents his hand and knee,
 Advances, turns, returns ; and so does she :
 He frisks and skips, then smooth away he sails ;
 To frisk and skip, like him, she never fails ;
 He kicks the floor, then tip-a-tap her foot,
 Let him begin, the other shews she'll do't ;
 The dance is ended—bows and curt'sies made,
 Civilities accusom'd, all are paid ;

The

The fan is busy now, the virgin's face,
Is not so cool, and bloomy, as it was ;
Ah, foolish nymph ! secure thy nobler part,
Thy face will soon be cool, but not thy heart.



Epigram on the Scotch.

HAD Cain been Scotch, God wou'd have chang'd
his Doom ;
Not made him wander, but confin'd him home.



An E P I T A P H.

HERE lies honest Thomas, with Susan his bride,
Who merrily liv'd, and as cheerfully dy'd ;
They laugh'd, and they lov'd, and drank while
they were able,
But now they are forc'd, to knock under the table ;
This marble, which formerly serv'd 'em to drink on,
Now covers their bodies ; a sad thing to think on ;
So that, do what we can, to moisten our clay,
'Twill one day be ashes, and moulder away.



On the Popish Seven Sacraments.

THE loaves were five the fishes two,
Of which the multitude were made partakers ;
Who made the fishes ? God ; but who the loaves ?
The Bakers.

Such are the sacraments, which, they call seven,
Five were ordain'd by man, and two by Heaven.

+++++

*The Sea's Harangue, in the Allegorical Character
of a Doctor.*

DOCTORS, by travel, are improv'd,
And none has travell'd more ;
I to th' Arabian coast, have rov'd,
And, Æthiopia's shore ;

At Mexico, I too have been,
And also, at Peru ;
And at Iberia, have been seen,
Iberia, old and new ;

At Nova Zembla, and Nanquin,
At Java, and Gibraltar ;
At many nations, never seen,
By Anson, or Sir Walter.

My age, too, gives pre-eminence,
Some thousand years I boast ;
And surely, most experience,
Should be esteemed most.

My remedies, to all are free,
The public good, my aim ;
I scorn to take a paltry fee,
I covet—only fame ;

Hygiæa gives to me the fway,
And offers constant aid ;
So come, and duck, and drink away,
And do not be afraid ;

My

My streams saline restoring are,
 And give the feeble vigour,
 Spirits, and beauty to the fair,
 Beyond all other liquor ;

To advertise the cures I've done,
 Would, take too many pages ;
 For DOCTOR SEA has had a run,
 For ages, and for ages.



An EPIGRAM.

THE lofty oak, from a small acorn grows,
 And to the skies, ascends with spreading
 boughs ;
 As years increafe, it shades th' extended plain,
 Then, big with death, and vengeance, plows the main ;
 Hence rises fame, and safety to our shore,
 And from an acorn, springs Brittannia's power.



EPIGRAM.

LET him who hates dancing, ne'er go to a ball ;
 Nor him to the ocean, whom dangers appall ;
 Nor him to a feast, who already has din'd,
 Nor him to the court, who will speak out his mind.



To a Lady, fearful of Thunder.

SAY, whence this sudden chill, my fair,
 When thunder rattles through the air ?
 Why, quits your blood each distant part,
 And haltes, to guard the labouring heart ?
 Why,—all this shivering, panting, crying,
 This something little less—than—dying ?
 If wretches, stain'd with deadly sin,
 Quake at the worm, that gnaws within ;
 If savage tyrants trembling fly,
 And think the fate they merit, nigh ;
 If treach'rous statesmen, who have sold,
 Their country, and their God, for gold ;
 And by this solemn sound, dismay'd,
 And dread him, whom they've disobey'd ;
 Yet why, does my Belinda fear,
 What, only, should the wicked scare ?
 The flash, that strikes the villain dead,
 Is taught to spare the guiltless head ;
 Or—should by this the virtuous die,
 'Twere but on lightnings wings to fly,
 And gain a blest eternity.

}



On the First of September,

The Commencement of Partridge Shooting.

WHEN the still night withdrew her sable shroud,
 And left these climes with steps sedate
 and slow ;
 Whilst sad Aurora, 'kerchief'd in a cloud,
 With dizzying vapours, hung the mountain's brow
 And

The wretched bird, from hapless perdix sprung,
 With trembling wings, forsook the furrow'd plain
 And calling round her, all her list'ning young,
 In falt'ring accents, fung this plaintive strain :

“ Unwelcome morn ! full well thy low'ring mein,
 “ Foretels, the slaughter of th' approaching day
 “ The gloomy sky, laments with fears the scene,
 “ Where, pale-ey'd terror re-assumes her sway ;

“ Ah, luckless train ! ah, fate-devoted race !
 “ The dreadful tale, experience tells, believe ;
 “ Dark heavy mists, obscure the morning's face,
 “ But blood and death, shall close the dreary eve.

“ This day, fell man, whose unrelenting hate,
 “ No grief can soften, and no fears assuage ;
 “ Pours dire destruction, on the feather'd state,
 “ Whilst pride and rapine, urge his savage rage.

“ I, who so oft, has scap'd the' impending snare,
 “ 'E're night arrives, may feel the fiery wound ;
 “ In giddy circles, quit the realms of air,
 “ And stain with streaming gore, the dewy ground.”

She said, when lo ! the pointer winds his prey,
 The rustling stubble, gives the fear'd alarm ;
 The gunner views the covey fleet away,
 And rears th' unerring tube, with skilful arm.

In vain the mother, wings her whirling flight,
 The leaden deaths, arrest her as she flies ;
 Her scatter'd offspring, swim before her fight,
 And, bath'd in blood, she flutters, pants, and dies.

On



On a Country Life.

MUCH softer, than a well-tun'd string,
 Doth the sweet harmless linnet sing ;
 The nightingale's melodious throat,
 Echoing thro' the grove her note ;
 To hail the rising, beauteous morn,
 The lark its early songs adorn ;
 The lambkins, on the hills, do run,
 Attended by the lucid sun ;
 The Shepherd tends his sheep along,
 Humming with glee, the rustic song ;
 Nor care, or trouble, fill his breast,
 But sweet contentment, peace and rest ;
 And when his daily labour's done,
 With pleasure, he returneth home ;
 To his kind wife, and children dear,
 Whose love doth prove their mutual care ;
 The jolly reapers, honest clowns,
 Now begin, their harvest rounds ;
 Thrice welcome, to the parson's barn,
 Are the good tythes——his labour's earn ;
 Full welcome, to the farmers yard,
 Is the ripe corn——his due reward ;
 For nipping frost, and winters snow,
 When chilling boreas first did blow,
 See the good lads, with music come,
 To celebrate, their harvest home ;
 Harvest home, with joyful heart,
 Echo's from the last fill'd cart ;
 Thrice happy they, and free from strife,
 Who thus enjoy a country life.



An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

GOOD people all, of every fort,
Give ear unto my song ?
And if you find it wond'rous short
It cannot hold you long.

In Isling town there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his cloaths.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends
But when a pique began,
The dog to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The

The wound it seem'd both fore and fad,
 To every christian eye ;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would dye.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That shew'd the rogues they ly'd ;
 The man recovered of the bite,
 The dog it was that dy'd.



To a Lady on her Birth Day.

By A. POPE.

OH ! be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
 Long life, long youth, long pleasure—and a
 friend !

Not with those toys, the woman-world admire,
 Riches that vex, and vanities that tire :
 Let joy, or ease, let affluence, or content,
 And the gay conscience of a life well-spent,
 Calm every thought ; inspirit every grace ;
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face ;
 Let day improve on day, and year on year,
 Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear ;
 And ah ! (since death must that dear frame destroy)
 Die by some sudden extacy of joy ;
 In some soft dream, may thy mild soul remove,
 And be thy latest gasp, a sigh of love !



The *P E T I T I O N.*

GIVE me, O Jupiter ! (what can't be fold,)
 A person that's genteel, an air that's bold ;
 Give me each soft unutterable grace,
 That checks resistance in the female race ;
 With ev'ry other talent, ev'ry art,
 Fit to ennoble or adorn the heart ;
 Give me worth, knowledge, learning, parts, and sense,
 Give merit ; or O ! give me—impudence.



Requisites of an happy Life.

THESE things my friend, (the muse believe)
 To life the highest relish give ;
 A competency not procur'd,
 By care and labour long endur'd ;
 But ready gotten to our hand,
 Whether in cash or fertile land ;
 A decent villa of our own,
 Grounds, that to seed in handfuls sown,
 Return in autumn's sultry reign,
 Redundant crops of golden grain ;
 Freedom from strife of ev'ry sort ;
 A visit, once a year to court ;
 A mind, in its own empire blest ;
 A body, which no pains molest ;

An

An elevated turn of thought,
 That soars beyond the vulgar's lot ;
 A child's simplicity of mind,
 With all a sage's prudence join'd ;
 A set of faithful friends, our peers
 In rank, in fortune, and in years ;
 Provisions easy to obtain,
 A table plentiful, but plain ;
 The night in drinking never spent,
 Yet past with ease and sweet content,
 A loving pleasant-temper'd wife,
 True to her marriage vow, through life ;
 Slumbers, so gentle, so serene,
 As leave a perfect blank between,
 The moment, when our eyelids close,
 And that which wakes them from repose ;
 In our condition so much bliss,
 As to be pleas'd with what it is ;
 Nor sigh for one enjoyment more,
 In nature's wide unbounded store ;
 A view of life's past hour that brings,
 Our dissolution on its wings ;
 Without a wish to urge its speed,
 Or from its rapid flight recede.



On S P E C T A C L E S.

OF all the spectacles, *to mend the sight*
 Devis'd by art, for viewing objects right,
 Those are most useful, which the prudent, place,
 High on the *handle of the* human face ;
 Some, on the temples fix them, I suppose,
 Left they should *seem to* snuffle through the nose ;
 Some, in one hand, the single convex hold,
 But these are prigs, ashamed of being old.

None are in news or politics so wise,
 As he whose nose is saddled with his eyes.
 And if the taper tube regale his snout,
 There's nought so secret but he'll smell it out.
 Should Gammer Gurton leave these helps at home,
 To church, with bible, 'tis in vain to come;
 The plainest sermon is the most perplex,
 Unless, with care, she double down the text.
 Lo! how the parish clerk, with many a hum,
 By turns, now fits them to his nose or thumb;
 Methodically regular, as need
 By turns require him, or to sing or read;
 Those who see dimly, may their eyes restore,
 By adding two, to what they had before;
 And they, that would be deem'd profoundly wise,
 Must carry in their heads, and pockets — eyes.



A Giant, Fishing.

HIS angle fashion'd of a sturdy oak,
 His line a cable, ne'er by tempest broke;
 His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
 He sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.



The Pin and Needle.

A Pin, by various fortune tost,
 At last, in Gresham Hall was lost;
 Well pleas'd, she turn'd her round about,
 And spy'd a rusty needle out,
 Lolling at ease upon a stone, —
 "Up" says the pin; "for shame begone." —
 "Fool,"

" Fool," says the needle, " you don't know
 What virtues from my partner flow ;
 The distant world through us is known,
 And both the Indies are our own.



*On the Vicissitude, and Vanity of all sub-
 lunary Enjoyments.*

WHAT is this fleeting life of man ? —
 The scanty measure of a span,
 A bubble, or a dream ;
 With sharp corroding cares perplex,
 To sin and death itself annex,—
 Ah ! —melancholy theme !

Behold the infant on the breast,
 His little peevish soul oppress,
 With grief and empty fears ;
 We read his passion in his eyes,
 He spends his breath, in sobs and cries,
 And bathes himself in tears.

Few years revolv'd, he's sent to school,
 Where taught to think and live by rule,
 What discontent he bears !
 Whilst book and pen, his time employ,
 There's none so wretched as a boy,
 Nor so involv'd in cares.

Anon, extravagant desires,
 Tumultuous thoughts, and am'rous fires,
 Within his bosom, rage ;

These, reason long assays to tame,
By dread of pain, and want, and shame,
And tedious wars they wage.

But time, at length, like fate prevails,
Tho' reason, Jove's great daughter fails,
And life grows more sedate ;
What once he made the total sum,
Of all delight, is now become,
The object of his hate.

Now happiness is drawn from gold,
And in the shining lists enroll'd,
Of honour, wealth and fame ;
For this he toils, for this his days,
Are spent ; by this, he hopes to raise,
A grand immortal name.

But gold has wings, and will not stay ;
Man would pursue, but feels decay —

The fond pursuit restrain ;
And now, beneath the hand of death,
He sinks, and yields, with grief, his breath,
Which yet he drew in vain.

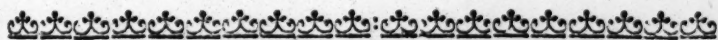
He, he alone can life possess,
Whom smiling hope, shall deign to bless,
Fair daughter of the skies ;
A friend to virtue's friends alone,
The worlds above, are all her own,
And there, enjoyment lies.



Upon the Death of one Rose.

An Old Miser.

OLD Rose at last has slip'd his wind,
But left no Rose-like scent behind ;
Mean as he was, he lov'd to rule,
And shew himself, an ill-bred fool ;
Proud, tho' a reptile ; poor, tho' rich,
'This stone cries out, " here lies a wretch."
Then here we'll leave this worst of fellows,
And sing old Rose, and burn the bellows.



The E N Q U I R Y.

Wrote in the last Century.

AMONGST the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd :
' Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
' Where may I find my Shepherdess ?'
" Thou fool, said love, know'st thou not this ?
" In every thing that's good, she is ;
" In yonder tulip go and seek,
" There, thou may'st find her lip, her cheek ;
" In yond enamell'd pancy by,
" There, thou shalt have her curious eye ;
" In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
" There weave the streamers of her blood ;

" In brightest lillies that there stand,
 " The emblems of her whiter hand ;
 " In yonder rising hill there smell,
 " Such sweets as in her bosom dwell ;
 " 'Tis true, (said he) and thereupon
 ' I went to pluck them one by one ;
 ' To make of parts an union ;
 ' But on a sudden all was gone ;'
 With that I stopt ; said love, " these be,
 " Fond man, resemblances of thee ;
 " And as these flowers, thy joys shall die,
 " E'en in the twinkling of an eye ;
 " And all thy hopes of her, shall wither,
 " Like these short sweets, that knit together."



Advice to a Young Lady.

On seeing her Dance.

O! may you walk, as years advance,
 Smooth and erect, as now you dance ;
 May you on each important stage,
 From bloom of youth to wither'd age,
 Assert your claim to merit's prize,
 And, as at present, charm our eyes.
 Observant of decorum's laws,
 And moving with the same applause,
 May you, thro' life's perplexing maze,
 Direct your steps with equal praise ;
 Its intricate meanders trace,
 With regularity and grace ;
 From the true figure never swerve,
 And time in every step observe ;

Give

Give ear to harmony and reason,
 Nor make one motion out of season ;
 Thus will life's current gently flow,
 And pour forth every bliss below ;
 Till nature failing, ebb shall bring,
 Death with his dart — but not his sting !



On SOLITUDE.

SWEET solitude ! the muses dear delight,
 Serene thy day, and peaceful is thy night ;
 Thou nurse of innocence, fair virtue's friend !
 Silent, tho' rapt'rous pleasures thee attend.
 Earth's verdant scenes, the all-surrounding skies,
 Employ my wand'ring thoughts, and feast my eyes ;
 Nature in every object points the road,
 Whence contemplation wings my soul to God.
 He's all in all,—his wisdom, goodness, pow'r,
 Spring in each blade, and bloom in ev'ry flow'r,
 Smile o'er the meads and bend on ev'ry hill,
 Glide in the stream, and murmur in the rill ;
 All nature moves obedient to his will. }
 Heav'n shakes, earth trembles, and the forests nod,
 When awful thunders speak the voice of God.



The Retrospect of Life.

RICHES, chance may take or give ;
 Beauty lives a day and dies ;
 Honour lulls us while we live ;
 Mirth's a cheat, and pleasure flies.

Is there nothing worth our care ?
 Time, and chance, and death our foes ;
 If our joys so fleeting are,
 Are we only ty'd to woes ?

Let bright virtue answer, no ;
 Her eternal powers prevail,
 When honours, riches, cease to flow,
 And beauty, mirth, and pleasure fail.



On a good Joker, but bad Writer.

By P O P E.

YOU ask why BROOME diverts you with his jokes,
 Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks ?
 You wonder at it—this, Sir, is the case,
 The jest is lost, unless you print his face.



The Place of the Damn'd.

ALL folks who pretend to religion and grace,
 Allow there's a hell, but dispute of the place ;
 But if hell may by logical rules be defin'd,
 The place of the damn'd—I'll tell you my mind ;
 Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
 Most certainly there is a hell to be found ;
 Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd blockheads,
 damn'd knaves,
 Damn'd senators brib'd, damn'd prostitute slaves ;
 Damn'd.

Damn'd villains corrupted in every station,
 Damn'd time-serving rogues all over the nation ;
 Then let us no longer by parson's be flamm'd,
 For we know by these marks the place of the damn'd ;
 And hell to be sure is at ——— or at Rome,
 How happy for us, that it is not at home.



On F R E E D O M.

FREEDOM's charms alike engage,
 The blooming youth and hoary age ;
 Time itself can ne'er destroy,
 Freedom's pure and lasting joy ;
 Love and friendship never gave,
 Half their blessings to the slave ;
 None are happy but the free,
 Bliss is born of liberty.



The Modern Courtier.

PRAY, say what's that, which smirking trips
 this way,
 That powder'd thing, so neat, so trim, so gay ?
 Adorn'd with tambour'd vest, and spangl'd sword,
 That supple servile thing ? — O ! that's a Lord !
 You jest—that thing a Peer ? an English Peer ?
 Who ought, (with head, estate, and conscience clear)
 Either in grave debate, or hardy fight,
 Firmly maintain a free-born people's right ;
 Surely

Surely those Lords were of another breed,
 Who met their monarch John, at Runnemedes;
 And clad in steel, there, in a glorious hour,
 Made the curb tyrant feel the people's pow'r ;
 Made him confess beneath that awful rod,
 Their voice united, is the voice of God.



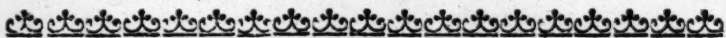
On L O V E.

LOVE the most gen'rous passion of the mind,
 The softest refuge innocence can find ;
 The safe director of unguided youth,
 Fraught with kind wishes and secur'd by truth ;
 The cordial drop, heav'n in our cup has thrown,
 To make the nauseous draught of life go down ,
 On which one *only* blessing, God might raise,
 In lands of atheists, subsidies of praise ;
 For none did ever yet so stupid prove,
 But felt a God, and blest'd his pow'r in love.



The contented Farmer.

IEat, drink, and sleep, and do what I please
 The King at St. James's can only do these.



On S O L I T U D E.

FROM noise secure, oft in some lonely grove,
 I walk, attentive to the plaintive dove ;
 The gloomy wood yields a secure retreat,
 For meditation, and a peaceful seat ;

For calm reflection ; where from passion free,
 My thoughts with contemplation best agree ;
 But when from chearful sounds I seek delight,
 Or to regale the smell, or charm the sight ;
 With joy I listen to the warbling birds,
 The purling riv'let, and the lowing herds ;
 All nature smiles, the azure violets bloom,
 The woods, odorous, yield their sweet perfume ;
 Far happier he, who thus to groves resorts,
 Than who pursues the pageantry of courts.



D I S C O N T E N T.

WHEN discontent sits heavy on the breast,
 Nor soothing art can lull the soul to rest ;
 Then gloomy sorrow o'er the mind takes place,
 Express'd by every feature of the face ;
 The eyes cast down, as tho' they lov'd the ground,
 And something's mutter'd with a feeble sound ;
 We frown, and sigh, and murmur all in vain,
 Wishing redress, unwilling to complain ;
 Whereas, bright joy gives lustre to the look,
 As does the sunshine to a silent brook.



On Colley Cibber being made Laureat.

IN merry old England, it once was a rule,
 The King had his poet, and also his fool ;
 But now we're grown frugal, I'd have you to know it,
 That Cibber can serve, both for fool, and for poet.

On.



On Reading a fine Poem.

OH force of eloquence ! whose powerful charms,
 Rouses our passions, or our rage disarms ;
 Can equally disdain, or pity move,
 Fire with revenge, or warm us into love ;
 Can melt us into floods of pitying tears,
 Inspire with hope, or sink us in our fears ;
 Exult with joy, or feel the fancied wound,
 Such magic is in flowing numbers found.



The L O W N G E R.

IRise about nine, get to breakfast by ten,
 Blow a tune on my flute, or perhaps make a pen ;
 Read a play till eleven, or cock my lac'd hat,
 Then step to my neighbours till dinner to chat ;
 Dinner over, to *Tom's* or to *Clapham's* I go,
 The news of the town, so impatient to know ;
 While Law, Lock and Newton, and all the rum race,
 Who talk of their modes, their ellipses, and space ;
 The feat of the soul, and new systems on high,
 In holes, as abstruse as their mysteries, lie ;
 From the coffee-house then, I to tennis away,
 And at six I post back to my college, to pray ;
 I sup before eight, and secure from all duns,
 Undauntedly march, to the *Mitre*, or *Tuns* ;

Where

Where in punch, or good claret, my sorrows I drown,
 And tofs of a bowl to the best of the town ;
 At one in the morning, I call what's to pay,
 Then, home to my chambers I stagger away ;
 Thus I tope all the night, as I trifle all day. }



Epitaph on a beautiful and virtuous young Lady.

SLEEP soft in dust, wait the Almighty's will,
 Then rise unchang'd, and be an Angel still.



The Message Card.

THE devil, one day at a loss,
 His eyes askaunce, his arms across ;
 His tricks and quirks all at a stand,
 Not one new mischief in his hand.

A sprightly imp, that chanc'd to see,
 His mighty master's reverie,
 Thus jogg'd, and put him on his guard ;
 Sir, split and blow upon this card ;
 Give it a power of propagation,
 Beyond all paste board in the nation ;
 It shall hereafter prove a spell,
 Worthy the dread designs of hell.

Each

Each phantom card, a message call,
 'Twill gain admittance into all ;
 And, when thou'lt introduc'd the elf,
 He'll cut and shuffle for himself ;
 Mix ev'ry mischief with the deal,
 And poison all the common weal ;
 Diffuse the dregs of inflammation,
 To all the passions in the nation.

Satan approv'd, and bid the spright,
 Set out himself that very night ;
 Call quick on Somnus with the scheme,
 Let him diffuse one gen'ral dream ;
 That ev'ry soul imbibe, with rest,
 Large hopes of gain, within his breast,
 Thus thou'lt support the reign of vice,
 More sure, than he that's in the dice.



In Diem Natalem.

THOU power supreme ! by whose command I live,
 The grateful tribute of my praise receive ;
 To thy indulgence, I, my being owe,
 And all the joys, which from that being, flow ;
 Scarce eighteen suns have form'd the rolling year,
 And run their destin'd courses round this sphere,
 Since thou my undistinguish'd form survey'd,
 Among the lifeless heaps of matter laid ;
 Thy skill my elemental clay refin'd,
 The vagrant particles in order join'd ;
 With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
 And stamp'd thy sacred image on my soul ;

A soul,

A soul, susceptible of endless joy,
 Whose frame, nor force, nor time, can e'er destroy ;
 Which shall survive when nature claims my breath,
 And bid defiance to the darts of death ;
 To realms of bliss with active freedom soar,
 And live, when earth and skies shall be no more ;
 Author of life ! in vain my tongue essays,
 For this immortal gift, to speak thy praise !
 How shall my heart its grateful sense reveal,
 Where all the energy of words must fail ?
 O may its influence in my life appear,
 And ev'ry action, prove my thanks sincere !

Grant me, great God, a heart to thee inclin'd,
 Increase my faith and rectify my mind ;
 Teach me betimes to tread thy sacred ways
 And to thy service consecrate my days ;
 Still as thro' life's perplexing maze I stray,
 Be thou the guiding star, to mark my way ;
 Conduct the steps of my unguarded youth,
 And point their motions to the paths of truth ;
 Protect me by thy providential care,
 And warn my soul to shun the tempter's snare ;
 Thro' all the shifting scenes of varied life,
 In calms of ease, or ruffling storms of grief ;
 Thro' each event of this inconstant state,
 Preserve my temper equal and sedate ,
 Give me a mind, that nobly can despise,
 The low designs, and little arts of vice ;
 Be my religion, such as taught by thee,
 Alike from pride and superstition free ;
 Inform my judgment, regulate my will,
 My reason strengthen, and my passions still ;
 To gain thy favour, be my first great end,
 And, to that scope may ev'ry action tend ;
 Amidst the pleasures of a prosp'rous state,
 Whose flatt'ring charms, th' untutor'd heart elate ;
 May I reflect to whom those gifts I owe,
 And bless the bounteous hand from whence they flow ;
 Or

Or, if an adverse fortune be my share,
 Let not its terrors tempt me to despair ;
 But fix'd on thee, a steady faith maintain,
 And own all good, which thy decrees ordain ;
 On thy unfailing providence depend,
 The best protector, and the surest friend.

Thus on life's stage, may I my part sustain,
 And at my exit, thy applauses gain ;
 When thy pale herald comes, and stops my breath,
 Support me in that dreadful hour of death ;
 In that last conflict, guard me from alarms,
 And take my soul, expiring to thy arms.



On H O N O U R.

HONOUR, I say, or honest fame,
 I mean the substance, not the name ;
 Not that light heap of tawdry wares,
 Of ermine, coronets, and stars ;
 Which often is by merit sought,
 By gold and flattery oft'ner bought ;
 But the true glory which proceeds,
 Reflected bright from honest deeds ;
 Which we in our own breast perceive,
 And Kings can neither take nor give.



The I N V I T A T I O N.

COME, beauteous Chloe, quit the town,
 Where noise and folly reign ;
 Thy soul with milder pleasures crown,
 And grace the peaceful plain :

Where

Where nature does her charms impart,
Ten thousand diff'rent ways ;
Beyond the force of tinsel art,
At op'ras, balls, or plays.

Here, may'st thou see, with untaught air,
The blithsome swain advance ;
Here, view the artless sylvan fair,
Lead up the sprightly dance.

Here, where no envious glance is seen,
Or jealous fears give pain ;
May'st thou behold what joy serene,
Inspires the rural train.

Here, may'st thou list ! whilst on his reed,
The shepherd makes essay ;
View snowy flocks in pastures feed,
And wanton lambkins play :

Here, safely by the bubbling brook,
Secure from vernal show'rs ;
Deceive the fish with bated hook,
And cheat the ling'ring hours.

Here, warbling chorists, music lend,
While Zephyrs waft perfume ;
Here, trees with tempting branches bend,
And flow'rs appear in bloom.

Here, in the conscious shade reclin'd,
We may our loves enjoy ;
Receive the gently breathing wind,
And talk, and kifs, and toy.

Here, heav'n will on our passion smile,
Our mutual flame protect ;
Here, shall thy wit my care beguile,
Thy solid sense, direct.

Come

Come, Chloe, hail this calm retreat,
 From vice and danger free ;
 Oh ! make my happiness compleat,
 And bless thyself and me.



The Power of Innocence.

A true Story.

WHEN first the nuptial state, we prove,
 We live the happy life of love ;
 But when familiar charms, no more ;
 Inspire the bliss, they gave before,
 Each less delighting, less is lov'd,
 First this, then that, is disapprov'd ;
 Complacence flies, neglect succeeds,
 Neglect, disdain and hatred breeds.

'Twas thus a pair, who long time prov'd
 The joys to love, and be belov'd ;
 At length fell out for trifling things,
 From trifling, anger chiefly springs ;
 The wish to please forsook each breast,
 Love's throne was then by rage possess'd ;
 Resolv'd to part, they meet no more :
 Enough—the chariot's at the door.
 The mansion was my lady's own ;
 Sir John resolv'd to live in town ;
 Writings were drawn, each cause agreed,
 Both vow'd they'd ne'er recall the deed ;
 The chariots waite, why this delay ?
 The sequel shall the cause display.

One lovely girl the lady bore,
 Dear pledge of joys she tastes no more ;
 The father's, mother's darling, she,
 Now lisp'd, and prattled on each knee ;

Sir John, when rising to depart,
 Turn'd to the darling of his heart ;
 And cry'd, with ardour in his eye,
 " Come Betsey, bid mamma good bye ;"
 The lady, trembling, answer'd, " no—
 " Go, kiss papa, my Betsey, go
 " The child shall live with me" —she cry'd,
 " The child shall chuse"—Sir John reply'd ;
 Poor Betsey, look'd at each, by turns,
 And each the startling tear discerns ;
 My lady asks, with doubt and fear,
 " Will you not live with me, my dear ?
 Yes, half resolv'd, reply'd the child,
 And half suppress'd her tears she smil'd ;
 " Come Betsey," cry'd Sir John, " you'll go,
 " And live with dear papa, I know."
 Yes, Betsey cry'd—the lady then,
 Address'd the wond'ring child again ;
 " The time to live with both is o'er,
 " This day we part to meet no more :
 " Chuse then"—her grief o'erflow'd her breast,
 And tears burst out, too long suppress'd ;
 The child who tears and chiding join'd,
 Suppos'd papa, displeas'd, unkind ;
 And try'd, with all her little skill,
 To sooth his oft relenting will ;
 Do, cry'd the lisper, pappy ! do,
 Love dear mamma ! mamma loves you ;
 Subdu'd, the source of manly pride,
 No more his looks his heart bely'd ;
 The tender transport forc'd its way,
 They both confess'd each others sway ;
 And prompted by the social smart,
 Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart ;
 Each clasp'd their Betsey, o'er and o'er,
 And Tom drove empty from the door ;
 You, that have passions for a tear,
 Give nature vent, and drop it here.



On Friendship.—By Allan Ramsay.

THE earth born clod, who hugs his idol pelf,
His only friends are, mammon and himself;
The drunken fots, who want the art to think,
Still cease from friendship when they cease from drink;
The empty fop, who scarce for man will pass,
Ne'er sees a friend, but when he views his glafs.

Friendship first springs from sympathy of mind,
Which to complete, virtues are all combin'd;
And only found 'mongst men who can espy,
The merits of his friend without envy;
Thus all pretending friendship's but a dream,
Whose base is not reciprocal esteem.



*On the Power of the Omnipotent Being over all
his Creatures.*

HOW vain and fruitless is th' attempt of man,
The great perfections of a God to scan!
Who rules the world with an unbounded sway,
And shines, tho' darkness intercepts the day!
Before all time, he was; before the sun
Rejoic'd, thro' heaven, his mighty course to run;
He gave the wide creation infant birth,
And fix'd the pillars of the floating earth;
His ears are open to the mournful sigh,
And kindly listen, when th' afflicted cry;
His throne's established by a just decree,
From his subjection, not the prince is free;

His

His will is fate, and, at his dreadful frown,
 The proudest kingdoms totter and fall down ;
 In vain would armies, and whole nations rise,
 With rage gigantic, to assault the skies ;
 In vain, they question his divine command,
 Or dare, the wonders of his God-like hand ;
 Destruction waits upon his awful nod,
 And nations perish at the voice of God ;
 The seas, tumultuous, like the mountains, rise,
 And strong convulsions rend the trembling skies ;
 He speaks, and all things into ruin fly,
 The lifeless perish, and the living die.



Against Enjoyment.

WE love and hate as restless monarchs fight,
 Who boldly dare invade another's right ;
 Yet when thro' all the dangerous toils they've run,
 Ignobly quit the conquests, they have won ;
 Those charming hopes that made them valiant grow,
 Pall'd with enjoyment, makes them cowards now.

Our passions only form our happiness,
 Hopes still enlarge, as fears contract it less ;
 Hope with a gaudy prospect feeds the eye,
 Soothes ev'ry sense, does with each wish comply ;
 But false enjoyment the kind guide destroys,
 We love the passion in the treacherous joys ;
 Like the gay silk worm, when it pleases most,
 In that ungrateful web it spun, 'tis lost.

Fruition only cloy's the appetite,
 More does the conquest, than the prize delight ;
 VOL. II. E One

One victory gain'd, another fills the mind,
 Our restless wishes cannot be confin'd ;
 Like boist'rous waves, no settled bounds they know,
 Fix'd at no point, they always ebb or flow.

Who most expects, enjoys the pleasure most,
 'Tis rais'd by wishes, by fruition lost,
 We're charm'd with distant views of happiness,
 But near approaches make the prospect less ;
 Wishes, like painted landscapes, most delight,
 Whilst distance recommends them to the sight ;
 Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear,
 But shew their coarse and nauseous colours near.

Thus the fam'd Midas, when he found his store,
 Increasing still and would admit no more ;
 With eager arms his swelling bags he press'd,
 And expectation only made him bless'd ;
 But when a boundless treasure he enjoy'd,
 And every wish was with fruition cloy'd ;
 Then, damn'd to heaps, and surfeited with ore,
 He curs'd that gold, he doated on before.

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An EPI TAPH

On a Poor, but Honest Man.

STOP, reader here, and deign a look
 On one without a name ;
 Ne'er enter'd in the ample book,
 Of fortune, or of fame ;

Studios

Studious of peace, he hated strife,
 Meek virtues fill'd his breast ;
 His coat of arms, " a spotless life"
 " An honest heart," his crest ;

Quarter'd therewith was innocence ;
 And thus his motto ran :
 " A conscience void of all offence
 " Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, tho' pride
 Now scorns his pedigree ;
 Thousands shall wish they'd been ally'd
 To this great family.



The *P H I L O S O P H E R.*

HAPPY the man, old Solon cry'd,
 Who, with his farm content ;
 Can smile at Cræsus' pomp and pride,
 From his low tenement,

Who can with freedom range the wood,
 Or climb the mossy rock ;
 Can, at the fountain take his food,
 Or tend his fleecy flock ;

Harmless and innocent as they,
 And free from factious strife ;
 The peaceful moments glide away,
 Without the cares of life ;

Happy the man, say all the wise,
 Who, with a chearful mein ;
 Scorns to be govern'd by the skies,
 Or clouded by the spleen ;

Whose thoughts, free, open, unconfin'd,
 Are void of all deceit ;
 Where freedom only rules the mind,
 And keeps her god-like feat ;

Let misers with ambition curs'd,
 O'er stormy regions roam ;
 Like Tantalus, they always thirst,
 But peace still dwells at home ;

There, there alone, glides sweet repose,
 No storms, that feat, surprise ;
 Calm as the stream which by him flows,
 And cottage where he lies ;

No dangers fright his steady soul,
 Or discompose his rest ;
 Let the earth shake, or thunders roll,
 'Tis peaceful in his breast ;

Thus unconcern'd Fabricius sat,
 When Pyrrhus plac'd unseen,
 The monster, arm'd in dreadful state,
 Behind the Roman's screen ;

Sedate and steady, as before,
 He saw the beast appear ;
 And o'er his head, with hideous roar,
 His lithe proboscis rear.

Again, the tempting monarch tries,
 If virtue cou'd be sold ;
 And plac'd before the hero's eyes,
 That greater monster gold ;

Unmov'd

Unmov'd, he saw the shining pelf,
 With uncorrupted heart ;
 Still he was master of himself,
 And scorn'd the tyrant's art.



On S M O K I N G.

HAIL smoking science ! art illustrious hail !
 Thou comfort sure, when other comforts fail ;
 By thee assisted, I invoke no nine,
 Nor hackney'd muse to favour my design ;
 But in one hand, thy fav'rite tube I gripe,
 And draw my inspiration from the pipe.

The pipe ! delightful engine ! to whose praise
 I sing in humble and unwonted lays ;
 To thee, my first born, grateful offering bring,
 To thee, 'tis due, thou taught me first to sing ;
 Had thou been absent, never had I rose
 To glorious verse ; but in eternal prose
 I yet had spent my undelighted time,
 Nor dar'd to think of harmony or rhyme.

Ye rev'rend pastors, join my grateful lays,
 The pipe, from you, demands peculiar praise ;
 Oft, when the sermon-making muses fail,
 When pond'ring thought, and study won't prevail ;
 Tho' foreign succours bring their wonted aid,
 Too frequent use of these, you are afraid ;
 What can you do, the num'rous leaves to fill,
 In vain, you frown, and gnaw your suff'ring quill ;
 The pipe presents its aid, fresh thoughts arise,
 Transporting visions waft you to the skies ;

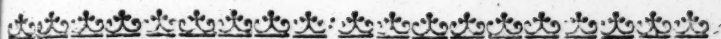
And thus inspir'd, you then are taught t'indite,
 Unusual strains, more fast than you can write ;
 Oh potent fume ! the sermon's almost done,
 Which, without thee, wou'd scarce have been begun ;
 At length, so thick the curling clouds arise,
 That hell itself is brought before our eyes ;
 A blest occasion, to paint that aright,
 Which this great art thus brings before our sight.

Nor is it thus confin'd to priests alone,
 But humble swains its mighty joys have known ;
 Behold each lout the jetty chunk assume,
 And swiftly puff around the fragrant fume ;
 The fragrant fume the yellow wall ascends,
 And round the room in circling motion bends ;
 At length sublimely wrapt in sable shrouds,
 Each swain becomes a jove, and forms his clouds.

In learning's mansions, and where arts abound,
 The sons of smoking always may be found ;
 Borne on a cloud, they mount above the air,
 And view the greater and the lesser bear ;
 Survey the brightest of the starry throng,
 And hail the planets as they move along ;
 Newton their pilot, pleas'd they rove about,
 Nor think of earth until their pipes are out.

Bacchus, the laurel which thou long hast worn,
 Yield to this God of fair Virginia born ;
 To him resign thy long usurped reign,
 For you distract, but smoking clears the brain.

VERSES



V E R S E S

*Address'd to a Young Lady, on her saying, when
ask'd to sit down,*

“ I will stand to grow better.”

SHOU'D you, by standing, better grow,
'Twou'd make more lovers hearts to flow ;
Your beauty now is such, that I,
Unless you ease my pain, must die ;
Beholding you, does cause my smart,
Your beauteous form has stole my heart ;
And shou'd you better grow ! why then,
You'd steal the hearts of all the men ;
'Tis plain, I think, you can't do such ;
Wou'd you exceed the fair so much ?
An angel sure, you wish to be ;
You seem already that, to me.
In shape, in stature, and in air,
You look, to me, so passing fair,
That I, bright nymph ! wou'd gladly know,
How 'tis, that you can better grow ?

Tho' if you mean your inward part,
And wish to have a kinder heart ;
I there, fair maid, with you agree,
And hope you'll prove more kind to me ;
I freely will my heart resign,
If in return, I can have thine ;
Then, Delia, do not, vainly rove,
But let us join in mutual love ;
And tho' my sex will envy me,
Yet shall we ever happy be.



In Praise of Punch.

WERE I a priest, brave punch should be my text,
That prince of liquor, delicately mixt ;
Brandy, the offspring of that god-like tree,
Whose grandfire was not less than deity.

The cooler, harmless, crystal streams shall be,
A wholesome counsellor, great Sir ! to thee ;
The genuine produce of West Indian canes,
Shall dulcify the fluids of thy—veins ;
And, that their softer natures may imbrue,
Hispania's sharper juice, we'll send to you.

The first of these heroic cups shall be,
To his eternal glorious memory,
Who first, this fine transporting liquor try'd ;
Heroes of old, for less were deity'd.

By heav'ns its choice, this cup has cheer'd my heart,
Made by the nicest rules of curious art.

No gout, no stone, no cholic, nay, nor p—x,
Can hurt us, if our punch be orthodox ;
'Twill make a lofty nimble sailor fly,
The huffing winds, and boist'rous seas defy ;
The soldier, death, and hell, and devils despise,
And brave the thickest of his enemies ;
The brawling lawyer plead with eloquence,
And, canting quack, upon his stage, speak sense ;
'Twill make——(but I'm a-dry to tell you more,)
A poor man vastly rich, a rich man poor.

DUNMOW.



D U N M O W.

IN the monastery of Dunmow in the county of Essex, began a custom in the reign of Henry I. and continued to this time ; and by which (as some assert) the manor of Dunmow is still held, that “ he who
 “ shou’d not repent of his marriage, either sleeping
 “ or waking, in a year and a day ; nor had any
 “ brawls or contentions with his wife, nor made any
 “ nuptial transgression within that time, and would
 “ take his oath of the same, before the prior and
 “ convent, and the whole town ; kneeling upon two
 “ hard pointed stones ; should have a gammon, or
 “ flitch of bacon delivered to him with great solemnity and be carried on men’s shoulders, with the
 “ bacon held before him, first about the prior’s
 “ church yard, and after thro’ the town, accompanied by all the friars and brethren, and the town’s
 “ folks whooping and hallowing.”

The form of the Oath on that Occasion, administered by the Prior of the Convent, is as follows :

YOU shall swear by the custom of our confession,
 That you never made any nuptial transgression ;
 Since you were married, man and wife,
 By household brawls, or contentious strife ;
 Or, otherwise, in bed, or at board,
 Offended each other, in deed or word ;
 Or since the parish clerk said, AMEN,
 You wish’d yourselves unmarried again ;
 Or, in a twelve month, and a day,
 Repented not in thought, any way ;

E 5

But

But continued true, and just in desire,
As when you join'd hands in the holy choir ;
If to these conditions, without any fear,
Of your own accord, you will freely swear ;
A whole gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave ;
For this is our custom of Dunmow, well known,
Tho' the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own.



On the Night.

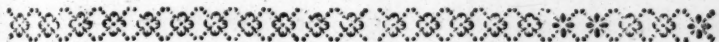
THE day's bright king, now conquer'd does retire
Night takes possession on the vanquish'd fire ;
The moon, her peerless light, now doth display,
Whilst Sol remains till the succeeding day ;
The starry frame, their equal pow'r do show,
Around the spheres, with light that from them flow ;
All things are still, each creature now doth rest,
And all retire in peace, both man and beast ;
Calm and serene, the fields and meads appear,
The murmur'ing brooks, their vivid courses, steer ;
Free from those raging follies, which do rise,
When night, in turn, do gently leave the skies.



An Address to the Almighty.

GOD of all worlds ! source and supreme of things !
From whom all life, from whom duration
springs !
Intense O ! let me for thy glory burn,
Nor fruitless view my days and months return ;
Give

Give me with wonder at thy works to glow,
 To grasp thy vision, and thy truths to know ;
 O'er time's tempestuous sea to reach the shore,
 And live, and sing, where time shall be no more.



On the Death of Lord Temple.

AT Grenville's death, truth seiz'd her silver pen,
 To draw a portrait of that worthy man ;
 Which being read by soft tongu'd flattery,
 Displeas'd, she cried, " here's no room left for me."



E P I G R A M.

On a rich Miser of Kingston, by Safford the Curat

RICH Kent does all his art and cunning bend,
 To gain that wealth, he wants the soul to spend
 Poor Safford, does his whole contrivance set,
 To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get ;
 Kind fates, and fortunes, blend them, if you can,
 And, of two wretches, make one happy man.



To a Young Widow.

TOO long a mourner—cease at length to mourn,
 Nor waste, in sorrows, o'er a moul'dring urn,
 The bloom of youth ; what pity youthful bloom,
 Should, pensive, droop o'er yonder lifeless tomb !
 Prolonging

Prolonging grief beyond the widow'd year,
 Still lavish of the tributary tear ! —
 Since tyrant custom can exact no more,
 And love forbids thee, longer to deplore ;
 Why heaves thy bosom with that swelling sigh ? —
 Why steals that pearly moisture from thy eye ? —
 What boots the swelling sigh, or pearly tear ? —
 No tears the dead can see — no sighs can hear. —
 Ah ! spare these beauteous eyes — that tender frame,
 Nor give the dead, those charms, the living claim.



An Epitaph on a very idle Fellow.

From Cambden.

HERE lyeth one that once was born, and cry'd,
 Liv'd several years, and then — and then —
 he dy'd.



On a Lady drinking Bath Waters.

THE gushing streams impetuous flow,
 In haste to Delia's lips to go ;
 With equal haste, and equal heat,
 Who would not rush, those lips to meet ?
 Blest envy'd streams ! still greater bliss,
 Attends your warm and liquid kiss :
 For, from her lips, your welcome tide,
 Shall down her heaving bosom glide ;
 There fill each swelling globe of love,
 And touch that heart I ne'er could move ;

From

From thence in soft meanders stray,
 And find, at last the blissful way,
 Which thought may paint, tho' verse may'nt say. }
 Too happy rival ! dwell not there,
 To rack my heart with jealous care ;
 But quit the blest abode—though loth,
 And, quickly passing, ease us both.



Dean Swift's lamentation, for the loss of his hearing.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
 To all my friends, a burthen grown ;
 No more, I hear my church's bell,
 Than if it rung for my own knell ;
 At thunder, now, no more I start,
 Than at the rumbling of a cart ;
 And what's incredible, alack !
 No more I hear a woman's clack.



The **INCONSTANTS.**

WHAT tortures strange, does Celia make me
 prove,
 Nor happy, nor unhappy in my love ;
 When she is willing, then I shun the joy ;
 When I am willing, Celia is as coy ;
 Both are in love,—who then cou'd happier be ?—
 But just when I love her, she loves not me ;

When

When with a glowing heat my heart's possess,
 An icy frost has chill'd my Celia's breast ;
 And when in mine, there does a coldness reign,
 My vary'ing Celia's fire revives again.
 Why does my summer, Celia's winter prove ?
 When rises love from scorn, and scorn from love ?
 Ah ! Cupid ! end this jest, my riddling boy,
 Make me less am'rous, or, make her less coy ;
 Burn, or freeze both, that both our breasts may hold,
 A mutual fire, or else a mutual cold.



The Parson's Case.—By Dean Swift.

THAT you, friend Marcus, like a stoic,
 Can wish to die in strains heroic ;
 No real fortitude implies,
 Yet, all must own, thy wish is wise ;

Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
 Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
 Thy insolent, unpreaching vicar,
 Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
 Thy thread bare gown, thy cassock rent,
 Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
 Thy week made up of fasting days,
 Thy grate, unconscious of a blaze,
 And to compleat thy other curses,
 Thy quarterly demands of nurses,
 Are ills, thou wisely begs to leave,
 And fly for refuge to the grave.

But now shou'd fortune shift the scene,
 And make thy curate-ship, a Dean ;

Or

Or some rich benefice provide,
 To pamper luxury, and pride ;
 With labour small, and income great,
 With chariot, less for use than state ;
 With swelling scarf, and glossy gown,
 With licence to reside in town ;
 To shine, where all the gay resort,
 At concert, coffee-house, or court ;
 And weekly persecute his grace,
 With visits, or to beg a place ;
 With underlings, thy flock to teach,
 With no desire to pray or preach ;
 With haughty spouse, in vesture fine,
 With plenteous meals, and gen'rous wine ;
 Wou'dst thou not wish, with so much ease,
 Thy years, as num'rous as thy days ?



The Non Pareil.

EARLY this morn, (a time to muses kind)
 Willing to draw one woman to my mind ;
 Wise without pride, without coquetting, fair,
 Chaste as the unblown rose, yet free as air ;
 In language easy, in her temper sweet,
 And moderately learn'd, and simply neat ;
 Who ne'er one step from virtue's paths has trod,
 True to her friend, but truer to her God.
 —But, when I on the picture thought, I cry'd,
 No such can be—and flung my pen aside—
 My muse then kindly wisper'd, such can be ;
 Bade me Clarinda write—and that was she.



The faithless Wife, or lying Husband.

WHAT e'er Tom tells for truth, if spouse is by,
 With modesty she hints, it is a lye !
 Wars straight ensue, ye Gods, such wraths to sooth,
 Give her more faith, or give to Tom, more truth.



The Soliloquy of a beautiful Lady in the Country.

By Lord Lyttleton.

'T WAS night, and Flavia to her room retir'd
 With evening chat, and sober reading tir'd ;
 There melancholy, pensive, and alone,
 She meditates on the forsaken town ;
 On her rais'd arm, declin'd her drooping head,
 She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said ;
 " Ah ! what avails it to be young and fair,
 " To move with negligence, to dress with care ?
 " What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,
 " If all in envious solitude are lost ?
 " Where none admire, 'tis useless to excell ;
 " Where none are beaus, 'tis vain to be a belle ;
 " Beauty, like wit, to judges must be shown,
 " Both most are valu'd, where they best are known ;
 " With every grace of nature, or of art,
 " We cannot break one stubborn country heart ;
 " The brutes, insensible, our power defy ;
 " To love, exceeds a 'squire's capacity ;

" That

* The town, the court, is beauty's proper sphere ;
 " That is our heaven, and we are angels there ;
 " In that gay circle thousand cupids rove ;
 " The court of Britain, is the court of love ;
 " How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
 " How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd ;
 " At each distinguish'd birth night, ball, to see,
 " The homage due to empire, paid to me ;
 " When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
 " And dreaded mine, more than the monarch's frown ;
 " When rival states men, for my favour, strove,
 " Less jealous in their power, than in their love ;
 " Chang'd is the scene ; and all my glories die,
 " Like flowers transplanted, to a colder sky ;
 " Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
 " The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain ;
 " In stupid indolence, my life is spent,
 " Supinely calm, and dully innocent ;
 " Unblest'd, I wear my useless life away,
 " Sleep, wretched maid ! all night, and dream all day ;
 " Go at set hours to dinner, and to prayer ;
 " For dulness must be ever regular.
 " Now, with mamma, at tedious whist, I play,
 " Now without scandal, drink insipid tea ;
 " Or in a garden, breath the country air,
 " Secure from meeting any tempter there ;
 " From books to work, from work to books, I rove,
 " And am (alas !) at leisure to improve !
 " Is this a life, a beauty ought to lead ?
 " Were eyes, so radiant, only made to read ?
 " These fingers, at whose touch, even age would glow,
 " Are these, of use for nothing, but to sow ?
 " Sure, erring nature never could design,
 " To form a housewife, in a mould like mine !
 " O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair !
 " Attend propitious to thy vot'ry's prayer ;
 " Let me revisit the dear town again ;
 " Let me be seen ! — could I that wish obtain,
 " All other wishes, my own power would gain."

}
The



The Furniture of a Woman's Mind.

A Set of phrases learn'd by rote ;
 A passion for a scarlet coat ;
 When at a play to laugh, or cry ;
 Yet cannot tell the reason why ;
 Never to hold her tongue, a minute,
 While all she prates has nothing in it ;
 Whole hours can with a coxcomb fit,
 And take his nonsense all for wit ;
 Her learning mounts to read a song,
 But half the words pronouncing wrong ;
 Hath every rapartee in store,
 She spoke ten thousand times before ;
 Can ready compliments supply,
 On all occasions, cut and dry ;
 Such hatred to a parson's gown,
 The fight will put her in a swoon ;
 For conversation well endu'd,
 She calls it witty to be rude ;
 And, placing raillery in railing,
 Will tell aloud your greatest failing ;
 Nor make a scruple to expose,
 Your bandy leg or crooked nose ;
 Can at her morning tea run o'er,
 The scandal of the day before ;
 Improving hourly in her skill,
 To cheat and wrangle, at quadrille.

In chusing lace, a critic nice,
 Knows, to a groat, the lowest price ;
 Can in her female clubs dispute,
 What linen best the silk will suit ;
 What colours each complexion match,
 And where, with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
 Can finely counterfeit a fright ;
 She sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
 She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
 Can dextrously her husband tease,
 By taking fits, when e'er she please ;
 By frequent practice, learns the trick,
 At proper seasons, to be sick ;
 Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
 At once, creating love and pity ;
 If Betsey happens to be careless,
 And but neglects to warm her hair lace,
 She gets a cold, as sure as death,
 And vows, she scarce can fetch her breath ;
 Admires how modest women can,
 Beso robustious, like a man.

In party, furious to her pow'r ;
 A bitter whig, or tory four ;
 Her arguments directly tend,
 Against the side she would defend ;
 Will prove herself a tory plain,
 From principles the whigs maintain ;
 And to defend the whiggish cause,
 Her topic, from the tories, draws.

O yes, if any man can find,
 More virtues in a woman's mind ;
 To Ma'am Macauly, may repair,
 She'll pay the charge unto a hair ;
 Take notice, she has my commission,
 To add them in the next edition ;
 They may outsell a better thing :
 So, holla boys ; God save the King.



The Toast of Fifty.

OUR hearts at fifty, Laura still alarms ;
Blooming till thirty, she at fifty charms ;
While of the famous toasts a younger train
Have rose to empire, and have set again.

The oak thus thro' an age in pomp appears,
And boasts its glories at an hundred years ;
While the gay gaudy flowers of a day,
Quickly spring up, and quickly fade away.



The Old Coquette.

PRITHEE, old Rugs, paint give o'er,
Those ribbands, and that youthful dress ;
For these grey hairs betray fourscore,
And nature in decay confess.

These eye-brows, which, from mouse you steal,
'Tis true, we, for their fleckness, prize ;
But then, what they can ne'er conceal,
We curse the more, your rheumy eyes.

This cheek is smooth, but ah ! on that,
The wrinkled paint betrays a cranny ;
You look at once—I know not what,—
This side a venus—that, a granny.

Your

Your faults of age, we doubly see,
When them in vain, with art you'd mend;
Seem old and ugly, as you be,
And, Ruga, 'faith you'd less offend.



To a Young Lady,

Too solicitous about her Manner of Expression.

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid stream,
Adown the smiling valley stray;
Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd, I view thy shining air,
In loose dishevel'd ringlets flow;
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again, that verdant hill,
With native plants enamel'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmost skill,
Instruct one flower to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose;
And, oh may Laura, e're she try,
With fresh vermillion paint the rose.

Hark! how the woodlark's tuneful throat,
Can every study'd grace excell;
Let art constrain the rambling note,
And will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh!

Oh ! ever keep thy native ease,
 By no pedantic law confin'd ;
 For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
 If Laura's words are not unkind.



To a Lady playing upon a Lute.

By Mr. WALLER.

SUCH moving sounds, from such a careless touch,
 So little she concern'd, and we so much.
 The trembling strings about her fingers croud ;
 And tell their joy, for every kiss aloud.
 Small force there needs to make them tremble so ;
 Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too ?
 Here love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
 Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer,
 Music so softens and disarms the mind.
 That not one arrow can resistance find.
 Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
 And acts herself the triumph of her eyes.
 So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd,
 His flaming Rome, and as it burnt, he play'd.



The Curate's Complaint of hard Duty.

Addres'd to his Master, Dr. SWIFT.

I March'd three miles thro' scorching sand,
 With zeal in heart, and notes in hand ;
 I rode four more, to great St. Mary,
 Using four legs, when two were weary ;

To

To three fair virgins, I did tye men,
 In the close bands of pleasing hymen ;
 I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
 And purify'd their mothers after ;
 Within an hour, and eke a half,
 I preach'd three congregations deaf ;
 Which thund'ring out, with lungs long winded,
 I chop'd so fast, that few there minded ;
 My emblem, the all-glorious sun,
 Saw all these mighty labours done,
 'Ere his diurnal race was run ;
 All this perform'd by Robert Hewit ;
 What mortal else, cou'd 'ere go through it.

}



Miss and her M A G P Y E.

An E P I G R A M.

MISS Prim and her Mag, are exactly alike,
 At the casement all day both their images strike;
 Mag, sometimes frisks in, to survey in the glass,
 His black and white beauties, and so does the lass.
 This hums an old ballad, that chatters a strain,
 'Twould puzzle the devil to know what they mean ;
 Both idle, pert, vain ! how unhappy the life
 Of him, who shall take the Mag's mistress to wife.

Inscription



Inscription to the Memory of the late Lord
C H A T H A M.

WITH honesty and active genius born,
Thy nation, age, and species to adorn ;
Form'd, with resistless eloquence to charm,
And Britain's sons with patriot ardour warm ;
With councils wise endu'd, the helm to guide,
In senates triumph, and o'er camps precide ;
Bid royal navies spread their awful wings,
And commerce smiling, open all her springs ;
With toils of state no longer, now oppress,
Receive the manumission of the blest !
Bright in thy rising, bright in thy decline,
Around thy name, unsullied glories shine ;
Thy fame establish'd, nothing can betray,
No war can shake, no peace can steal away.



To Chloe.—By Lord Chesterfield.

WHENEVER Chloe I begin,
Your heart, like mine to move,
You tell me of the crying sin,
Of unchaste lawless love.

How can that passion be a sin
Which gave to Chloe birth ?
How can those joys but be divine,
Which makes a heav'n on earth ?

To wed, mankind the priest trepann'd,
 By some fly fallacy ;
 And disobey'd God's great command,
 " Increase and multiply."

You say, that love's a crime,—content ;
 Yet this allow you must ;
 More joys in heav'n, if one repent,
 Than over ninety just.

Sin then, dear girl, for heav'n's sake !
 Repent, and be forgiven ;
 Bless me ! and by repentance make,
 A holiday in heaven.



A HYMN to GOD.

By a Traveller.

WHILE oft from clime to clime I go,
 Ordain'd to travel to and fro ;
 To be my guard by land sea,
 Who have I, who, my God, but thee ?
 And let me boast this glorious aid,
 For, who preserves like him that made ?
 What armour shields like his defence ?
 What care doth equal providence ?
 When on the deep, I take my way,
 And round my bark, the billows play ;
 How should I 'scape the greedy wave,
 Wert thou not ready there to save ?
 How should I climb yon summit's brow,
 And shun the yawning gulph below ?

Wert thou not still, my Saviour by,
 To fix my step, and point my eye ;
 I turn me oft, the labour past,
 To view some scene, behind me, cast ;
 An ALPS perhaps, OR APPENINE,
 And wonder ; but the work was thine ;
 By thee, my feeble strength sustains,
 The heighth of hills and length of plains ;
 By thee, I track the mazy wood,
 And smoothly pass the rapid flood ;
 If now, I urge my tedious course,
 'Till toil and daylight pall my force ;
 Thine hand brings on the evening close,
 And marks the inn, for my repose ;
 Or, if I start 'ere morning light,
 And now bewail the ling'ring night ;
 Thou bidst the sun his beams display,
 And look the darkness into day ;
 In wilds, where stroll the savage brood,
 Or men, more savage, lurk for blood ;
 If those I awe, or these decline,
 'Tis by no art, nor power of mine ;
 Here, flames of lighted sulphur rise,
 Here, sudden deluges surprize ;
 Here frequent earthquakes round me jarr,
 And, here I breathe in poison'd air ;
 But don't I, every where advance,
 Thro' ambushes of death, and chance ?
 Yet all things wait on thy decree,
 And, death, and chance, are rul'd by thee ;
 Thou'rt still my present help and stay,
 For, oh ! thou can'st not be away !
 I see thee, feel thee, all abroad,
 And, tho' 'tis nature acts, 'tis God ;
 Hail ! maker and preserver, thou,
 Thou chief above ! and chief below !
 Whose mercies, no where, never fail ;
 Hail ! maker and preserver, hail !

A Receipt

A Receipt to form a Beauty.

WHEN Cupid did his grandsire jove intreat,
 To form some beauty by a new receipt ;
 Jove sent and found far in a country scene,
 Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene ;
 From which ingredients first the dext'rous boy,
 Pick'd the demure, the aukard, and the coy ;
 The graces from the court did next provide,
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride ;
 These, Venus cleans from ev'ry spurious grain,
 Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain ;
 Jove mix'd up all, with his best clay and cunning,
 Then call'd the happy composition GUNNING.

Wrote on the Window of a thatched Cot.

STAY traveller, and tho' within,
 Nor gold, nor glitt'ring gems are seen,
 To strike the ravish'd eye ;
 Yet enter, and thy well pleas'd mind,
 Beneath this humble roof shall find,
 What gold can never buy.

Within this solitary cell,
 Calm thought, and sweet contentment dwell,
 Parents of bliss sincere ;
 Peace spreads around, her balmy wings,
 And banish'd from the courts of Kings,
 Has fix'd her mansions here.



V E R S E S

*Address'd to the late Earl of Chesterfield, August
7th, 1763.*

By Edward Jerningham, Esquire.

RECLIN'D beneath thy shade BLACKHEATH'
From politics and strife apart,
His temples twin'd with laurel wreath,
And virtues smiling at his heart.

Will CHESTERFIELD the muse allow,
To break upon his still retreat ?
To view, if health still smoothes his brow,
And prints his grove, with willing feet ?

'Twas this awak'd the present theme,
And bade it reach thy distant ear ;
Where, if no rays of genius beam,
Sincerity, at least, is there.

May pale disease fly far aloof,
O'er venal dooms his flag display ;
And health beneath thy peaceful roof,
Add lustre to thine evening ray.

If this, my fervent wish be crown'd,
I'll dress with flowers hygiæa's shrine ;
Nor thou with wisdom's chaplet bound,
At any absent gift repine.

What

What tho' thou dost not grace a throne,
 While subjects bend the supple knee ;
 No other King the muses own,
 And science lifts her eye to thee.

Tho' deafness, by a doom severe,
 Steals from thy ear the murm'ring rill ;
 And Philomel's delightful air ;
 Ev'n doom not this a partial ill.

Ah ! if anew thine ear was strung,
 Awake to ev'ry voice around ;
 Thy praises by the many sung,
 Would stun thee with the choral sound.



On the Death of a Particular Friend.

AS those we love, decay, we dye in part,
 String after string is sever'd from the heart ;
 'Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
 Without one pang is glad to fall away.
 Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,
 Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low ;
 Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
 Till, dying, all he can resign, is breath.



On the Evening.

THE gaudy sun had just retir'd to rest,
 And spread his purple mantle o'er the west ;
 The labouring hinds, the wish'd for signal, view,
 Unyoke their steers, and bid the day adieu ;

Mild evening now with silent pace, serene,
 Breaths forth her od'rous sweets o'er ev'ry green ;
 While from the wood, the bird, who shuns the day,
 Skims o'er the verdant fields, in quest of prey ;
 Now Philomel renews her mournful tale,
 In plaintive notes does her lost young bewail ;
 The birds fit chirping on each tender spray,
 And sportive lambkins now begin to play :
 With bashful modesty the blushing rose,
 Shrinks up her silken arms in soft repose ;
 In tears conceals her fragrant charms from view,
 And mourns those beams from whence her sweets
 she drew ;
 While all around the smooth and dappled green,
 Bespangled o'er with pearly dew, is seen.



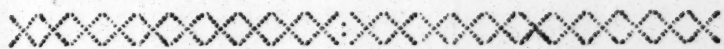
To FLORELLA.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
 My ravish'd eyes reprove ;
 And hide from them the only face,
 They can behold with love ?

To shun her scorn, and ease my care,
 I seek a nymph more kind ;
 And while I rove from fair to fair,
 Still gentler usage find.

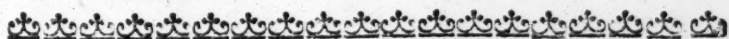
But oh ! how faint is ev'ry joy,
 Where nature has no part !
 New beauties may my eyes employ,
 But you engage my heart.

So restless exiles, doom'd to roam,
 Meet pity every where ;
 Yet languish for their native home,
 Though death attends them there.



On the Death of Voltaire.

THO' heav'nly justice may be blind,
 And tardy—yet it flows ;
VOLTAIRE, who poison'd all mankind,
 His death to poison owes.



N I G H T.

NOW silence reigns, and solemn darkness spreads
 O'er all the earth the gloomy veil of night ;
 Guilt trembles, and is seiz'd with sudden dread,
 And waits, with horror, the return of light.

Light will return—but not to them return
 In whose dark souls, no ray of virtue shines ;
 Not all the splendor of the sprightly morn,
 Can clear the mist that clouds the guilty mind.

Tho' fashion throws a veil before their crimes,
 And guilt may pass conceal'd in pleasure's name ;
 Yet conscience will be heard—remorse at times,
 Will hold a mirror that reveals their shame.

The law of God's engrav'd upon our hearts,
 Instinct—or reason—or some ray of light,
 Which sacred wisdom to the mind imparts,
 To teach us how to think, and act aright.

Tho' conscience from the breast awhile may stray,
 She never totally gives up her reign ;
 But soon, or late, she will resume her sway,
 And bring remorse, and anguish in her train.

But darkness has no horrors to the mind,
 Where virtue, and the fear of God does dwell ;
 Was chaos to return again, they'd find
 An inward light that wou'd its gloom dispel.

Tho' forked lightnings from the heavens dart,
 Or o'er their heads should awful thunder roll
 It wou'd not move the good and virtuous heart,
 Nor give one terror to the guiltless soul.



AN INVITATION,

By the late Lord Chatham, at Mount Edgcomb.

TO DAVID GARRICK, Esquire.

LEAVE, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
 Docks, forts, and navies brighten all the bay ;
 To my plain roof repair, primæval seat !
 Yet there no wonders your quick eyes can meet ;
 Save, should you deem it wonderful to find,
 Ambition cur'd, and an unpassion'd mind ;
A statesman

A statesman without power, and without gall,
 Hating no courtiers, happier than them all ;
 Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause,
 Vot'ry alone to freedom, and the laws ;
 Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres deck our plain,
 And, interspers'd, an heart enliveing train
 Of sportive children frolick o'er the green,
 While love looks on, and consecrates the scene ;
 Come then, immortal spirit of the stage,
 Great nature's proxy, glass of ev'ry age ;
 Come taste the simple life of patriarchs old,
 Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp
 or gold.



Mr. Garrick's Answer.

WHEN Peleus' son, untaught to yield,
 Wrathful, forsook the hostile field ;
 His breast still warm with heav'nly fire,
 He tun'd the lay, and swept the lyre.

So CHATHAM, whose exalted soul,
 Pervaded and inspir'd the whole ;
 Where, far by martial glory led,
 Britain her sails and banners spread,
 Retires, (tho' wisdom's God dissuades)
 And seeks repose in rural shades ;
 Yet thither comes the God confess'd,
 Celestial form ! a well known guest.

Nor slow he moves with solemn air,
 Nor on his brow hangs pensive care ;
 Nor in his hand th' historic page,
 Gives lessons to experienc'd age,

As, when in vengeful ire he rose,
 And plann'd the fate of Britain's foes ;
 While the wing'd hours obedient stand,
 And instant speed the dread command.

Chearful he came all blith and gay,
 Fair blooming like the son of May ;
 A harp by all the Muses strung
 Adown his radiant shoulder hung,
 Smiling he to his friend resign'd
 This soother of the human mind.



The Longest Day.

THE sun in bright meridian power,
 And glory, rides supreme ;
 He triumphs in the noon-tide hour,
 And darts his sultry beam.

And now, his utmost height is gain'd,
 His utmost power is shown ;
 Splendid, till now, the God has reign'd,
 With influence all his own,

Let mortals now, his passage view,
 And mark his fading light ;
 Still to his fated circle true,
 He travels on till night.

Thus rises man to life's high noon,
 Impetuous, fearless, brave ;
 But life's dull winter hasten's soon,
 And points the gloomy grave.

On his Majesty King George the Third's State Coach.

YIELD, ye triumphal chariots, yield the prize !
 Nor boast your seats, ye fabled deities !
 Though call'd a coach, behold a palace move,
 Grandeur than any, ye can shew above ;
 Ev'n Sol himself, suspended on his way,
 Stoops to behold a brighter car of day ;
 Dreads that another phaeton has driv'n,
 His blazing carriage thro' the road of heav'n ;
 While Jove still mindful of Promethean skill,
 Fears, that his throne has left th' Olympian hill ;
 Neptune, alarm'd to see the Tritons here,
 Thinks an usurper of his ocean near ;
 Mars, with surprize beholds the warlike car,
 And thinks he sees a rival god of war ;
 Well may they fear, united on his throne,
 To see their separate pow'rs in GEORGE alone.



To a GENTLEMAN,

On his releasing several Debtors on his Wedding Day.

BY pomp alone, or pageant state ;
 By riot, and by waste ;
 Too oft, the nuptials of the great,
 Imprudently are grac'd.

Your's

Your's, worthy youth, more justly fam'd,
 By deeds divine, we see ;
 Your bless'd captivity's proclaim'd,
 By setting captives free.



On feeling the Earthquake at Lisbon, Nov. 1st, 1755.

WHEN clouds drop fatness on the plains,
 In mildly soft descending rains ;
 In their due season harvests smile,
 And plenty crowns the peasant's toil ;
 As nothing rare, as nothing new,
 We take the blessing as our due.
 For, oh ! prosperity's a lot,
 At ease enjoy'd, with ease forgot ;
 In June's warm sun, and April's show'r,
 We trace not an Almighty pow'r ;
 Ingrates ! so light of heav'n we make,
 Nor think the hand that gives, can take ;
 But, ah ! when threatening storms arise,
 When thunders rattle thro' the skies ;
 When the tall mountain bows its head,
 And earthquakes vomit up the dead ;
 Then see, whole nations prostrate fall,
 Before the mighty God of all ;
 T' appease his anger, now their care,
 Lo, all is fasting, sighs, and prayer ;
 Till the dread storm blown happ'ly o'er,
 They eat, drink, revel as before ;
 Forget or ridicule the rod,
 And laugh to scorn, the fear of God.

An

An Epigram.—Extempore.

On reading Madan's Thelyphthoria.

IF John marries Susan, and Susan alone :
The match may be good, between Susan & John ;
But should John marry *twelve* ! O what brawls and
what scratches !
It can't be ONE match,—its a BUNDLE of matches.

On Mr Brush's Marriage.

Wrote on a Window at Grantham.

NOW BRUSH with Mrs BRUSH,
A Brush may take ;
And Brush her Brush
And little BRUSHES make.

! Rural Sports.

IN that bright season when all nature's gay,
And little warblers chorus in the May ;
A roseate blush the east had overspread,
Phæbus just rising was from Thetis' bed ;

When

When Lobbin Clout, with Damon trudg'd along,
 With each his oaken staff and rustic song ;
 Few swains like Damon, tun'd the doric reed,
 At wrestling Lobbin did them all exceed ;
 No cares perplex, but such as love does bring,
 For beauty wounds alike the clown and king ;
 Brisk Marian's form all Lobbin's soul possess,
 And Flora reign'd supreme in Damon's breast ;
 Each tufted tree bore witness of their flames,
 The hills and vales re-echo back their names ;
 With eager steps, the daisied lawns they stray,
 Nor can the bramble hedge, obstruct their way ;
 With annual glee, the village they explore,
 To deck the may-pole, as in days of yore ;
 Here sprightly nymphs, in russet mantle seen,
 With charms that far surpass the cyprian queen ;
 The rural dance, the laugh and joke went round,
 While ev'ry lad, his lass, with chaplets crown'd ;
 Thus sylvan deities, in latian lands,
 Were worship'd by their priests in flowing bands ;
 And thus the firstlings of their flocks they led,
 In rosy wreaths, which at their altars bled ;
 But British swains, such cruel acts detest,
 While love and freedom humanize the breast ;
 On curds and whey, at eve, they sleep supine,
 Nor envy Italy, its mantling wine ;
 Recal, O wandering muse, thy humble strain,
 To sing the mirth of happy Damon's plain ;
 Where now the radiant chariot of the sun,
 Had gain'd his noon-tide height, and west-ward run ;
 Tir'd by the dance each nymph by shepherd led,
 Was gently plac'd beneath a beechen shade ;
 High, on the fragrant boughs their garlands hung,
 As proper emblems for the fair and young ;
 That youth, like blossoms cropt, will soon decay,
 Nor, will all conquering time one moment stay ;
 The ruddy apple that their grandsires prest,
 With joy exhilarates each artless breast ;

Then

Then cottage wit incessant flies around,
 In ceaseless clamours, not unlike the sound
 Of rushing waters, which a hasty rain,
 Drives down the cliffs, and floods the distant plain;
 Or such shrill clarion, Rome's preservers make,
 When wily reynard issues thro' the brake;
 This day, their herds are left at large to stray,
 The churn stands useless, and the new shorn hay,
 No more their thoughts employ, while ev'ry tongue
 With direful tales of country terrors, rung;
 Recounts how wrinkled hag in yonder shade,
 With crooked pins infect the parson's maid;
 How headless horses, simple swains affright,
 And horrid spectres haunt the church at night;
 When lo! a marching reg'ment's martial sound,
 With sudden fancies every heart surround;
 Home strait they speed, renew their yearly toil,
 Till May's sweet verdure bless again our isle.



On the Death of Mr. Pope.

GREAT Anson from the Spanish shore,
 Had scarce convey'd his treasure o'er,
 When death to make reprisals even
 Stole Britain's treasure, Pope, to heaven.

Oh? cruel death, in league with Spain,
 Could we thy pity hope;
 We'd give thee millions back again,
 If thou'd return us Pope.



To some Young Ladies, who had been displeased at a Gentleman's too imprudently asserting, that to be condemned to perpetual Virginity was the greatest Punishment could be inflicted on any of their Sex.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

WHETHER condemn'd to virgin state
By the superior powers,
Would to your sex prove cruel fate,
I'm sure it would to ours.

From you, the numerous nations spring,
Your breasts our beings save ;
Your beauties make the youthful sing,
And sooth the old and grave.

Alas ! how soon would every wight,
Despise both wit and arms ;
To primitive old Chaos night
We'd sink, without your charms.

No more our breath would be our care,
Were love, from us, exil'd ;
Sent back to heav'n with all the fair,
This world would turn a wild.

Regardless of these sacred ties,
Wife, husband, father, son ;
All government we should despise,
And like wild tygers run.

Then

Then Ladies, pardon the mistake,
 And with th' accus'd agree ;
 I beg it for each lover's sake,
 Low bended on my knee :

And frankly wish, what has been said,
 By the audacious youth,
 Might be your thought ; but I'm afraid,
 It will not prove a truth :

For, often, ah ! you make us groan,
 By your too cold disdain ,
 Then quarrel with us when we moan,
 And rave amidst our pain.



Domestic Animals.

FROM Æsop's book, a conscious coxcomb's rage,
 Some cent'ries since, tore one peculiar page ;
 From press to press, the mangled copy pass'd,
 Each new edition still transcrib'd the last ;
 Age after age confirm'd the long neglect,
 Till mere oblivion sanctified defect ;
 The fable lost, no matter where or how,
 The muse recover'd, and presents you now.
 Or if her word, you scruple to admit,
 I'll show the manuscript,—if I think fit.

When heav'n of old,—(twas thus the tale began,)
 Sent forth her last best work, her fav'rite, man ;
 Each brute, at once, with dread and wonder saw,
 A being form'd to give creation law ;
 The shaggy lion, with regret, beheld,
 His own rude strength, by manly sense excell'd ;

The

The fox, less strong, tho' infinite in art,
 Thought bulk and vigour, man's superior part ;
 In short, all creatures found in him alone,
 Some happier power, that still surpass'd their own ;
 His form, his aspect, as each stood to view,
 Now here, now there, the growl of envy drew.

Disgust, so gen'ral, different symptoms show'd,
 In fiercer nature, scorn indignant glow'd ;
 These, to wild woods, with sullen rage retir'd,
 Averse to see, what seeing, they admir'd ;
 While part, more docile, mimic skill address'd,
 To catch the likeness, each imagin'd best ;
 Some habits, one ; some airs another got,
 Defect or excellence, no matter what.
 The dog observ'd, with what familiar grace,
 The civil purpose, mark'd the human face ;
 'Twas his, the civil purpose to prefer,
 And lo ! a flatterer grafted on a cur.
 The pow'r of speech, the parrot's wonder claim'd
 With rival voice, each object round, he nam'd ;
 Sounds indiscriminate, things right, things wrong,
 For ever vibrate on the blockhead's tongue ;
 Oh ! grand distinction from the vulgar herd,
 See man's worst part re-echo'd by a bird.

The ape with whimsical ambition fir'd,
 Man's dextrous hand, and ready wit admir'd ;
 So apt a mimic soon display'd his pow'rs,
 And apish parts are taught to rival ours.

The cat from man her great demeanour took,
 The measur'd stalk, fix'd eye, and solemn look.

Fate saw from these, to more the madness spread,
 She saw—and thus with indignation said,
 “ Yes, servile throng, your purpose shall succeed,
 “ Ye vile apostates from the lot decreed ;

“ The

" The ill-judg'd likeness, ye have fought, retain,
 " But ye shall live a mean domestic train ;
 " The slaves of him, with whom your folly vi'd,
 " Slaves of his wants, his pleasures and his pride."
 Here ends the page, the moral do you seek,
 Yourselfs will think it, e'er my verse can speak ;
 Enough for sense, like mine, the task to trace,
 Through long lost records, the domestic race ;
 To tell what power fix'd man's eternal sway,
 And bound inferior natures to obey.



The Little Wish.

GRANT me Gods a little seat,
 Modern-built, and furnish'd neat ;
 Let it stand on rising ground,
 For a prospect all around ;
 Call the mansion Belvidere ;
 And let from thence, as crystal clear.
 A little rill meandring flow,
 Thro' the verdant vale below.

Add a little garden to't,
 Planted, wall'd, and well laid out ;
 And a little bower therein,
 (Little bower, ever green !)
 And a little shady grove,
 Or for study, or for love ;
 And some little trees that bear
 Pippin, cherry, plum, and pear ;
 And the apricot, and peach ;
 On the wall within my reach ,

And

And each fragrant flower that blows,
 (Fragrant flower, for the nose !)
 And the rose, in all its pride,
 (Blooming rose, for blooming bride !)
 Tulips too in richest shew,
 (Tulips gay, as birth-night beau.)

Now, within, let us inquire,
 See what more we do desire.

Grant, ye powers ! a little wine,
 For a guest, that comes to dine ;
 And a stock of mild and stale,
 Honest neighbours to regale :
 And October, strong and mellow,
 Tubes and weed, for hearty fellow ;
 These, in Windle's moulds compest,
 That, of Brocus, very best ;
 Cordials too, in cupboard be,
 Rum, arrack, and ratifia ;
 Now and then, a little cup,
 Serves to keep the spirits up.

As a sportsman, give me horses,
 Some for chace, and some for courses :
 And a pack of little hounds,
 To drive Reynard o'er the grounds.

Grant for these, a fit estate,
 Not too little, nor too great.

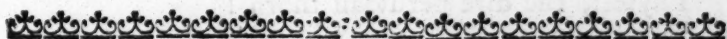
But if ask again I shall,
 I will ask for all in all.

Give a pretty little spouse,
 To adorn my little house ;
 Let her have complexion fair,
 Sparkling eyes, and auburn hair ;

Skin

Skin as white as neck of swan,
 Smooth as down, that grows thereon ;
 Smiling looks, and ruby lips,
 Waist that tapers to her hips ;
 And, fine arms, that easy fall,
 And, soft hands, and fingers small ;
 Skill'd to touch the warbling strings,
 When her lays, or mine, she sings ;
 Let her frank and pleasant be,
 To my friend, as well as me ;
 And with wit and beauty's charms ;
 Glad my heart, and bless my arms ;
 O ! the joys of such a life !
 To be blest with such a wife !
 Be the produce of our joys,
 Little girls, and little boys.

Grant but these ; may I be poor,
 When I ask — a little more !



Elegy on a Humming Bird.

Wrote in a Flower Garden.

A Humming bird, by nature led,
 On nature's bounteous honey fed ;
 In every flower beheld a feast,
 And ev'ry sip, her charms encreas'd ;
 Her plumage, various, gaudy, bright,
 Surpass'd Aurora's radiant light ;
 Tho' burnish'd o'er with golden rays,
 As dress'd in Ariosto's lays ;
 Oh ! had you seen her glowing breast,
 Which ev'ry tint by turns express ;

Succeeding

Succeeding tints, the past renewing,
 You'd wish'd to be for ever viewing ;
 But sweet inconstant ! she wou'd fly
 From flow'r to flow'r, and sail the eye ;
 Each motion giving something new,
 No sooner seen, than vanish'd too ;
 One morn, on murm'ring wing suspended,
 She, to those well known pinks descended ;
 Here, hung a moment, sip'd the dew,
 And, elsewhere, gayly wanton flew ;
 Her little crimson pinions play'd,
 As thro' th' enamel'd plain she stray'd ;
 By every fragrant flow'r invited,
 Which, to delight her, seem'd delighted ;
 I saw her, in an evil hour,
 Approach a deep mouth'd trumpet flow'r ;
 Within whose fatal tube, ah me !
 With mortal dagger, lurk'd a bee ;
 Deceitful weed ! for ever may
 Thy filthy flower avoid the day ;
 Thy nauseous odours taint the morn,
 Thyself, the dire peruvian thorn !
 May you compell'd, pernicious bees !
 Supply your murm'ring hives with these ;
 By day restrain your busy flight,
 Condemn'd to labour in the night ;
 Within his breast secure of harm,
 The feather'd venus rais'd alarm ;
 Enrag'd the little jealous thing,
 And in her neck, he plung'd his sting ;
 Say, has thou seen a courser start—
 An arrow fly—the lightning dart ?—
 Far swifter, wrung with raging pain,
 The beauty cleft the airy plain ;
 In vigour, like the taper's light,
 Which blazes fierce and all is night ;
 Her course unsteady, high and low,
 Too well explain'd her inward woe ;

Her

Her strength decreasing, and her speed,
 Her feeble wings refusing aid ;
 Her tender frame, with fevers burn'd,
 Her little brain, to frenzy turn'd,
 The charm of nature, and the pride,
 In many circles, funk, and died.

Her purest nectar erst she drew,
 From hence, here lie her beauties too ;
 Where never flow'r the wandring eye,
 Hath since rejoic'd (all bards will lie)
 " The ways of pleasure promise fair,
 " But mischief oft conceal'd lies there."



The Picture of Slander.

WHAT mortal but slander, that serpent, hath
 stung,
 Whose teeth are sharp arrows, a razor, her tongue ?
 The poison of asps, her vivid lip loads,
 The rattle of snakes, with the spittle of toads ;
 Her throat is an open sepulchre, her legs
 Set hatching of vipers, and cockatrice eggs ;
 Her sting is a scorpion's, like hyena, she'll cry,
 With the ear of an adder, a basilisk's eye ;
 The mouth of a monkey, the hug of a bear,
 The head of a parrot, the chat of a hare ;
 The wing of a magpye, the snout of a hog,
 The feet of a mole, and the tail of a dog ;
 Her claw is a tyger's, her forehead is brass,
 With the hiss of a goose, and the bray of an ass.

Epitaph



Epitaph at St. Ives.

HERE sleeps beneath this humble pile of earth,
 The mortal relicks of transcendent worth
 In virtue's and religion's paths she trod,
 And drew the model of her life from God ;
 Serenely calm, in hope resign'd her breath,
 And found her greatest, kindest friend in death.



Advice to a young Clergyman.

If to preferment's height, you wish to climb,
 Rightly, your applications, learn in time ;
 Be bold, with winning arts, the great besiege,
 And flatter those who can your hopes oblige ;
 So shall you gain the honours of the gown,
 Prebends and sine cures, shall be your own ;
 Or if propitious fortune wait your vows,
 The radiant mitre shall infold your brows,
 But learn one dangerous quicksand to avoid,
 The shoal, on which have thousands been destroy'd ;
 Drive love for ever from your guarded breast,
 That foe to human happiness and rest ;
 Suppress his first emotions with disdain,
 For if you once admit him, he will reign ;
 And then, too late you'll find promotion fly,
 You'll, in some country cure, obscurely die ;
 Attend to truth. in every age you'll find,
 This passion still the bane that damps the mind ;
 Then warn'd, beware, and keep your heart, your own,
 " Love and ambition never shar'd a throne."

To a F R I E N D,

Newly Married.

AT last, dear Jack, I hear, a mate
 You've chose, who'll crown the nuptial state ;
 With all the charms that e'er combin'd
 To make man blest in woman kind ;
 Then ne'er assume a tyrants pow'r,
 To blast, of mutual blifs, the flow'r ;
 But act a tender husband's part,
 To banish sorrow from her heart ;
 When honour bids, I know you can
 Put on the armour of a man ;
 Then do, my friend, and ne'er be seen,
 In any thing that's base or mean ;
 'Bout trifles, never hold debate ;
 Believe me, things of greater weight,
 Will daily claim your utmost care,
 Besides disputing with your dear ;
 Should fickle fortune prove unkind,
 Let chearful thoughts compose your mind ;
 Be patient, and rely on him,
 Who causes man to sink or swim,
 In the stupendious gulph of fate,
 Where all are floating, small and great,
 To ease thee of thy heavy chain,
 Or soothe the anguish of thy pain ;
 But should the case prove otherwise,
 Should peace and plenty deign to rise,
 Should fortune on thee cast a smile,
 Let no vain hopes thy heart beguile ;

With pride thy person never arm,
 Nor think thyself secure from harm ;
 For know, that none was e'er so great,
 To brave the adverse frowns of fate ;
 Some griefs occur'd to let them know,
 No pomp's above the reach of woe ;
 Should providence propitious be,
 And bless thee with posterity ;
 In virtue's paths, to guide them, try,
 And mark them with a watchful eye ;
 By good examples, teach them how,
 Their minds, with candour, to endow ;
 In all things act the man of sense,
 And great shall be thy recompence ;
 Thus do, and you'll such honour gain,
 As prejudice can never stain ;
 For spite, and malice shall expire,
 And envy to her seat retire ;
 That fame may sing in future page,
 " He liv'd the wonder of his age."



On a covetous Old PARSON.

" **C**RIES spintext, in spleen this public donation,
 Methinks favours much of vain ostentation ;
 G—d bless me, five pounds, why the sum is immense,
 And for pity, mere pity ! tis shew and pretence ;
 When I do an alms, fame's trumpet ne'er blows,
 What my right hand is doing, my left never knows ;
 All my gifts I bestow in so private a way,
 That, when, how, or where, no mortal can say ;"
 Spintext, it is true, has such art to conceal 'em,
 That his parish ne'er see, nor the poor never feel 'em }
 And thus he makes sure, that none shall reveal 'em. }

On



On Modern Comedies.

SHAKESPEARE and Johnson, with the learned
corps,
Of poets much admir'd in days of yore ;
From nature drew their characters, like fools ;
Our modern play-wrights follow no such rules :
Pictures from life they scorn to let you see,
Not nature—but what nature ought to be.
Your low-liv'd humour, wit, and such poor stuff.
In times of ignorance, did well enough ;
In this refin'd, this novel-reading age,
They've banish'd all such nonsense from the stage ;
No wonder play-wrights swarm in these blest days,
Sermons, they find, are easier made than plays.



The Sportsman's Invitation.

HARK ! the clarion horn, away,
Tells the near approach of day ;
Drowsy sluggards, quit your beds,
Seek the path which vigour treads ;
Lay your avarice aside,
Shake of slumbers, quit your bride ;
Scar each haggard thought to rest,
Sportsmen here are truly blest ;
Now the jolly hunting song,
Echoes shrill, and echoes long ;

Hark to Reynard, see him fly,
 Hear the dog's harmonious cry ;
 View the morn in rich array,
 " O'er the hills, and far away ;"
 Mind not what the old man says,
 Hard it is to gain his praise ;
 He lov'd sporting, when in youth ;
 He loves railing, now, forsooth ;
 Dogs are surly, when they're old ;
 Fear no wife, but shun a scold ;
 Who so buxom, gay as we ?
 Let them dose, that will not see ;
 We enjoy the most of life,
 Void of pain, and void of strife ;
 If you'd live, and be like us,
 Use your idle moments thus ;
 Laugh at fortune, laugh at fears,
 Thence will spring your happy years.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX-XXXX

The EYE.

TO say what wond'rous skill, what happy care,
 Taught the bold *EYE* the blaze of day to bear,
 Through fluid space with piercing ken to fly,
 To measure earth, and comprehend the sky,
 Is but to tell, what every moment shows,
 That heav'n, no bounds in pow'r or bounty knows, }
 All-mighty when it works, all good when it bestows. }

This homage paid, forgive the vagrant muse,
 If, for her theme, some lighter dress she choose ;
 And, cloth'd in sportive fancy's wanton guise,
 More trivial thoughts, from humbler hints arise.

When

When vulgar gentry gather to a croud,
 Some, all intent, some jostling, and some loud ;
 You ask the cause and wait for a reply ;
 'Tis ten to one they answer —ASK MY EYE.
 You call this rude ; but call it what you will,
 Rude as it is, there's meaning in it still.

Lucius shall prove it ; Lucius looks you through,
 Yet seems to look at every thing but you ;
 Is he insidious, mean, malignant fly,
 What says the vulgar maxim ? —ASK MY EYE.

When pert Corrina darts from place to place,
 Sinks, with laborious ease, from grace to grace ;
 Or calls forth glance by glance, or charm by charm ;
 Does she design our bosoms to alarm ?
 Does she conclude that all who gaze must die ?
 Does pride inspire her purpose ? —ASK HER EYE.

When the great scholar, slow, precise, and slow,
 Mere human clockwork, speaks one word an hour ;
 Does his grave silence, modesty imply ?
 Or is it scorn's dumb language ? —ASK HIS EYE.

The flatterer swears he lives upon your smile,
 Calls himself yours, and makes you his, the while ;
 Say, would you know, if what he speaks, he feels,
 His EYE will tell you what his heart conceals.

The miser's heir bedecks the funeral show,
 With all the sad formalities of woe ;
 Behind the corpse, himself a mourner creeps,
 But is it grief or is it joy that weeps ?
 Consult his EYE, 'twill then perhaps appear,
 That hopes and pleasures swim in ev'ry tear.

'Twere endless work to prove that thro' mankind,
 The speaking EYE explains the secret mind ;
 Wou'd you the bad detect, the good descry,
 Its wise and virtuous toil, examine try,
 Ask where you will ? but never miss the EYE.

*In Praise of Mirth.*

LET others, anxious for a lasting name,
 Bow down submissive at the gate of fame ;
 Immortal wreaths beseech her to entwine,
 And make their future memories divine ;
 What boots the bubble praise that fame can give,
 That praise unheard, when they no longer live !
 As to myself when I resign my breath,
 And lie extended in the house of death ;
 I value not what friend (if friend I have)
 What fading flowers may idly dress my grave ;
 Or who a-while may quote my trifling lays,
 And kindly give some little share of praise ;
 So little fond of what the world calls fame,
 As dies my body, so let die my name ;
 Mean while, each brisk emotion, as I feel,
 I'll play with mirth, and trip up sorrow's heel ;
 Sure, some blithe spirit smil'd upon my birth ;
 For since I rambled on this speck of earth,
 I've lov'd to laugh, tho' care stood frowning by,
 And pale misfortune roll'd her meagre eye.

Whilst easy conscience builds her easy nest,
 Within my bosom, and sits there at rest,
 Why not indulge the fallies of my soul ?
 Why stop the tides of pleasure as they roll ?
 Shall peevish veterans of rigid mould,
 Who think all wisdom center'd in the old,
 Shall such, (tho' aged merit I revere)
 Blockade my fancy in its bold career ?
 No ;—light of heart, as long as health remains,
 And guides her puppet spirits thro' my veins ;
 'Thro' life's thick baffle I will edge my way,
 And join the laughing chorus of the day ;

Tho'

Tho' short liv'd wit should ridicule my name,
 And strive to brand me with the mark of shame ;
 Tho' fools, (who form no judgment of their own,)
 Whom nature never meant to think alone ;
 Who deal out praise, at random, or condemn,
 (Or right or wrong, 'tis all the same to them,)
 Tho' such insult me, calmly shall I sit,
 And grin at folly, as I grin at wit.

With just so much religion in my heart,
 As will, I trust, secure my deathless part ;
 With pure contentment ever in my sight
 That makes the weight of poverty seem light ;
 With two such friends, ye grave ones, tell me why ?
 Tell me, in sober sadness, should I cry ?



On PRUDENCE.

IN human breasts, we various passions find ;
 To regulate them, is an act of mind ;
 From constitution, vice and virtue rise ;
 But PRUDENCE marks the foolish from the wise.



Septennial Division of Time.

THE SEVEN first years of life, man's break of day,
 Gleams of short sense, a dawn of thought display ;
 When FOURTEEN springs have bloom'd his downy
 cheek,
 His soft and bashful meanings, learn to speak ;

From TWENTY ONE, proud manhood takes its date;
 Yet is not strength compleat till TWENTY EIGHT;
 Thence, to his FIVE and THIRTIETH, life's gay fire
 Sparkles, burns bright, and flames in fierce desire;
 At FORTY TWO, his eyes grave wisdom wear,
 And the dark future dims him o'er with care;
 With FORTY NINE, behold his toils increase,
 And busy hopes and fears, disturb his peace;
 At FIFTY SIX, cool reason reigns intire,
 Then life burns steady, and with temp'rate fire;
 But SIXTY THREE unbends the body's strength,
 'Ere the unweary'd mind has run her length;
 And when from SEVENTY, age surveys her last,
 Tir'd, she stops short, and wishes all were past.



Shakespear in the Shades.

AS SHAKESPEARE rang'd over the regions below,
 With muses attending his side;
 The first of his critics he met with, was ROWE,
 Tho' to keep out of fight he had try'd.

"How comes it, friend NICHOLAS," said the old bard,
 While NICK was preparing a speech;
 "My ruins so coarsely by you were repair'd,
 "Who graces to graces could teach.

"Had the time you employ'd, when the * BITER
 "you wrote,
 "So his'd by the critical throng;
 "Been spent upon mending the holes in my coat
 "I had not been ragged so long."

ROWE

* Comedy by Rowe.

Rowe blush'd, and made way for diminutive POPE,
 Whom Shakespeare address'd with a frown ;
 And said, " some apology, sure, I may hope,
 " From you, and your friend in the * GOWN.

" Had the murth'rous knife, which my plays has
 " destroy'd
 " By lopping full many a scene ;
 " To make you a lover like him been employ'd,
 " How flat Cibber's letter had been."

POPE sneak'd off confounded, and HANMER drew near,
 Whose softness a savage might melt ;
 So Shakespeare said only, " Sir Thomas, I fear,
 " With gloves on my beauties you felt."

Supported by CAXTON, by WINKIN upheld,
 Next TIBBALD crept forward to fight ;
 " Is this," quoth the poet, " the thing that rebell'd,
 " And dar'd, even POPE, to the fight ?"

" To kennel, good TIB, for a time will arrive,
 " When all in their senses shall know,
 " That half of your consequence, TIB, you derive,
 " From the lash of so envied a foe."

" Eight hundred old plays, thou declar'dst thou hast,
 " read,
 " How cou'dst thou the public so cozen ?
 " Yet the traces, I see, spite of what thou hast said,
 " Of not many more than a dozen."

" If all thou hadst dug, how cou'd FARMER, my TIB,
 " Or STEEVENS find gold in the mine ?
 " Thy trade of Attorney, sure taught thee to fib,
 " And truth was no client of thine."

G 5

" And

* Warburton.

- " And yet, to appease me, for all thou hast done,
 " And shew thou art truly my friend ;
" Go watch, and to me with intelligence run,
 " When JOHNSON and CAPEL descend."
" For JOHNSON, with all his mistakes I must love,
 " Even love, from the injur'd, he gains ;
" But CAPEL, a com'rade for dulness, will prove,
 " And him, thou mayst take for thy pains.



CITY S P L E N D O R.

A Town Eclogue.

Mr. W E A L T H Y.

WELL ! now my dear, beloved wife,
We must extend our plan of life ;
How will our country cousins stare,
To see me soon a great LORD MAY'R !

Mrs. W E A L T H E Y.

The rich state coach you will not grace,
Adorn'd by chaplain, sword, and mace ;
As for myself, the golden chain,
I must confess, will make me vain ;
And then, how much shall be delighted,
When by his Majesty you're knighted !
Adieu now to my one-horse chair,
I'll have a coach to take the air ;
With speed we'll quit vile Wormwood street,
And decorate our country seat ;
The house must be entirely furnish'd,
And all the glasses gilt and burnish'd.

Mr. W E A L T H Y.

Mr. WEALTHY.

Figures I'll buy, to grace the nitches,
 And make canals of all the ditches :
 Which, stor'd with various kinds of fish,
 On Sundays may afford a dish,
 The Sheriffs richly to regale,
 With poultry, beef, and Yorkshire ale ;
 Thus much I promise all my party,
 An English welcome, rough, and hearty.

Mrs. WEALTHY.

Indeed, my dear ! you shock my sight ;
 I fear you'll never grow polite ;
 I, to be sure was born an heiress,
 And fit to be a Lady May'refs ;
 But as for you with all your riches,
 You wear such dirty leather-breeches ;
 And such a frightful shabby wig,
 It looks like bristles of a pig ;
 Your day-book, and your ledger seem,
 To be your most engaging theme ;
 What need so often to repeat,
 Your expectations of the fleet !
 And then, you talk so much of trade,
 Boasting your debts are punctually paid ;
 Which is not now, at all, the fashion.

Mr. WEALTHY.

You really put me in a passion ;
 Politeness is an empty name ;
 On riches I depend for fame.

Mrs. WEALTHY.

With all your mighty boasted wealth,
 You neither taste of peace or health ;

I hate

I hate extravagance and waste,
 Yet like things in the modern taste;
 Your father's meanness you inherit,
 And have no proper pride or spirit;
 When at the mansion house I live,
 Such entertainments I will give,
 And such a Lord May'r's feast, and ball,
 As shall delight the crouded hall;
 No barbers, clowns, or paltry singers,
 Or pick pockets with nimble fingers,
 But people of the first degree,
 Shall form the brilliant company.

Mr. WEALTHY.

We must not break establish'd rules,
 To banish knaves, poltroons, or fools;
 The Aldermen must hold their place,
 And serve the cavalcade to grace;
 By help of whom, the Lord May'r's day,
 Will city consequence display;
 The Common Council are invited,
 And all their families delighted;
 Our barges are extremely fine,
 Bless me! what plenty, when we dine;
 The liquor like a mighty ocean,
 Affords an inexhaustible potion;
 Of which, we quaff like eager fish,
 Like cormorants, attack each dish;
 Transported by our happy fare,
 Talk politics, eat, drink, and swear.

Mrs. WEALTHY.

I hate these kind of brutal feasts,
 Less fit for men than savage beasts;
 Below the brute creation funk,
 When by intemperance they're drunk.

Mr. WEALTHY.

Mr. WEALTHY.

I must confess, 'tis very wrong,
Those faults to citizens belong ;
We glory in our cent per cent,
On profit always much intent ;
And laugh at vain ideal schemes,
Fictitious fancies, idle dreams ;
Chimeras of the ton, and taste,
And spendthrifts fortunes soon laid waste ;
Marking the fall and rise of stocks,
We keep our deeds in iron box.

Mrs. WEALTHY.

Pray when shall Juliet come from France ?
On Easter Monday, how she'll dance !
I think, my dear, we'll fetch her over,
Or meet her when she comes to Dover ;
Her education is complete,
And for her height, 'tis near six feet.

Mr. WEALTHY.

How much of all her charms you boast !

Mrs. WEALTHY.

I can engage she'll be a toast.
Juliet is quite her mother's daughter,
And will occasion desperate slaughter ;
For, as you know, when I was young,
My beauty did not pass unsung ;
I always made a mighty shew,
And hop'd to gain an Earl, or beau ;
But after all my care, and pains,
My father sought substantial gains ;
And threaten'd his severe displeasure,
If I refus'd your Worship's treasure ;

Thus,

Thus, in the prime, and pride of life,
 I was compell'd to be your wife ;
 Nor should I murmur at my lot,
 If you, your vulgar ways, forgot.
 And was for magistracy fit,
 With grace and dignity to fit ;
 I cannot but, my dear, declare,
 That now I wish, you wore your hair ;
 Your aukard taylor has no taste,
 Your clothes must be superbly lac'd ;
 Yet, after all, you'll look so rough,
 To my rich gems, and silver stuff ;
 Methinks, I see the servants waite,
 To follow us to court in state ;
 King of the city ! what a sound !
 Myself the Queen ! my head turns round !
 My daughter too, the Princess Royal !
 I hope our subjects will be loyal ;
 Inlist in freedom's glorious cause ;
 The surest means to gain applause.

Mr. WEALTHY.

Of cash, I have such wond'rous plenty,
 That Earls or Dukes, I'd purchase twenty ;
 And therefore have no cause to spare
 My riches to exalt my heir,
 So that I am resolv'd to spend,
 My money with a cheerful friend ;
 At Newington I mean to build
 A drawing room with pictures fill'd ;
 Then I'll pull down that odious paling,
 And have some neat made Chinese railing ;
 That we may see the road with ease,
 Which all our visitors will please ;
 Upon our spacious rural lawn,
 We'll keep some sheep, and feed the fawn ;
 Some able workman shall repair,
 The ruins and the root-house chair ;

I have

I have my eye on farmer Craddock,
 To buy his fields to make a paddock ;
 How very great a paddock sounds !
 Well stor'd with deer, and flocks, and hounds !
 When I have gain'd sufficient treasure,
 I then will be a man of pleasure ;
 Build, and rebuild, plant, and lay waste,
 Agreeable to rules of taste ;
 The country air will make me healthy,
 And who so great as Sir JOHN WEALTHY.



Epitaph on a Young Lady.

CLOS'D are those eyes, that beam'd seraphic fire,
 Cold is that breast, which gave the world desire ;
 Mute is the voice, where winning softness warm'd ;
 Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd ;
 And lively wit, which, decently confin'd,
 No prude, e'er thought impure, no friend, unkind.

Could modest knowledge, fair, untrifling youth,
 Persuasive reason, and endearing truth ;
 Could honour, shown in friendships, most refin'd ;
 And sense, that shields th' attempted, virtuous mind ;
 The social temper, never known to strife ;
 The height'ning graces, that embellish life ;
 Could these have e'er the darts of death defy'd,
 Never—ah ! never had CASSANDRA dy'd !
 Nor can she die—e'en now survives her name,
 Immortaliz'd, by friendship, love, and fame.



The General Lover.

LET my FAIR ONE only be,
 Female sex, and she's for me :
 I can love her, fair or brown,
 Of the country, or the town :
 I can love her, rich or poor ;
 Or her wealth, or face adore :
 Be she dull, or be she gay,
 Haunting church, or haunting play,
 I her piety admire,
 Or her brisk coquetting fire :
 I, an equal flame can find,
 For the coy, or coming mind ;
 If kind, it would ungenerous be,
 Not to love HER, that loves ME ;
 If coy, it would injustice prove,
 So much virtue not to love ;
 Be she fickle, so am I,
 Each will have their liberty ;
 Should she be a *constant* dame,
 It will shew how *true* her flame ;
 Be she tall, I like her mein,
 Stalking nobly like a Queen ;
 But if a little tiny thing,
 Like fairy frisking in a ring,
 Wisdom it has been confess'd,
 Of evils all, to chuse the least ;
 Let the fair one only be,
 Female sex, and she's for me.

She, who cannot credit give,
 Such a lover e'er can live,

Tell

Tell it to the *wond'ring fair*,
 I this moment, sigh for her ;
 Sigh for her — who e'er she be,
 If woman—that's enough for me.



W I N T E R.

OLD time, alas ! with stealing pace,
 Now changes nature's blooming face ;
 No more, the beauties of the spring
 Delight ; no more the warblers sing ;
 No more, the roses deck the ground ;
 No more, is rural pleasure found ;
 The breeze that fans the rustling glade,
 The woodbine bow'r, the poplar shade,
 And fragrant sweets arising there,
 That wide perfum'd the ambient air ;
 Are banish'd all ; and all that's gay,
 Stern winter now has swept away ;
 The verdant grove where oft I've stray'd,
 The matted grass whereon I've laid,
 The rill, which purl'd so clear before,
 Congeal'd in ice, delights no more ;
 Phæbus, the glory of the skies,
 Who bids the meads, and flowers rise,
 Deserts us now, as if afraid,
 To view the change that winter's made ;
 While he maintains his rigid reign,
 *PROGNE deserts the cheerful plain ;
 To southern realms remote she flies,
 To more auspicious warmer skies ;
 Whilst we are left behind to bear,
 Th' unwholesome rigour of the air ;

Then

* The Swallow.

Then say, and is there nought to find,
 To warm the man, to sooth the mind ?
 The grape remains—fill, fill the bowl,
 This still can animate the soul.
 Just emblem of our station here,
 Appears each circulating year ;
 Man surely reaps the seed he sows,
 And error's sown where error grows ;
 Then learn the spring of life t'improve,
 And ev'ry noxious weed remove ;
 Sow nought but seeds of prudence there,
 And these will well repair thy care ;
 Thus winter's self shall prove a spring,
 And Boreas' blasts new pleasures bring.



On a Pipe of Tobacco.

EX TEMPORE.

THRO' worthless tube of brittle clay,
 Will I some serious thoughts convey ;
 My native frailty here I trace,
 A perfect type of human race ;
 Exotic is the noisome plant,
 Exotic all, for which I pant ;
 With sickning fumes the air I choke ;
 What's worldly grandeur, but a smoke !
 The quick'ning whiffs declare the strife,
 Of those who gasp for parting life ;
 The heap of dust that's left behind,
 Displays the fate of all mankind.



On the Death of Samuel Foote, Esquire.

MOURN, now, ye spirits, who delight in mirth,
In yonder tomb your patron breathless lies ;
The soul of wit, that gave your laughter birth,
Inhabits, once again, her native skies.

Rejoice, ye sons of rapine ; now your foe
Who dragg'd your dark misdeeds to public sham ;
Your scourge is fled ; no longer shall ye know,
The stings of guilty terror at his name.

Where's now, the pliant muscle, big with whim,
The eye, that smiles produc'd in ev'ry face ;
The various voice, the oft distorted limb,
And all the mirth-fed features of Grimace ?

Where now, the shouts that theatres have rent,
While laughter roar'd, and beg'd to be reliev'd ?
Ah ! where the plaudits every hand has sent,
When humour brought forth all that wit conceived ?

Adieu, bright genius—science lov'd thy name ;
She well approv'd thee of her darling race :
And be that wretch accurs'd, who damns thy fame,
Or wou'd thy follies with malignance, trace.

NIGHT.



N I G H T.

AN ODE.

THE glowing landscape fades; day shuts his eye;
 Grey twilight rests on yon high western hill;
 While pensive, in the secret shade I lie,
 And watch the music of the falling rill.

The evening star now skirts the western main,
 Cold drops of dew are sprinkled o'er the lawn;
 The rustic drives his oxen from the plain,
 And, in the fold, secures his flocks till dawn.

Soft dies along the plain, each ruder breeze,
 In black'ning clouds, the low'ring whirlwinds sleep;
 While gentle gales, scarce fan the waving trees,
 Or curl the surface of the peaceful deep.

The feather'd choirs, now cease the vocal lay,
 Nor more are heard the dewy groves among;
 All, but the solemn bird, who, from her spray,
 Chaunts to the ear of night, her plaintive song.

Primæval darkness, now, with poppies crown'd
 O'er her dun air, her sable mantle throws;
 Defusing universal stillness round,
 And locks a drowsy world in calm repose.

But not so lull'd, the child of sorrow sleeps,
 Nought charms the tearful eye of grief to rest;
 Pale sickly care his constant vigil keeps,
 No gentle slumbers soothe his woe fraught breast.

At this still hour, the joyless Damon mourns,
 O'er Celia's bier, and weeps her early doom
 A willing echo all his plaints returns,
 Which pierce with many a sigh, the cheerless gloom.

Now from the dreary vault, pale spectres glide,
 As stories say, to fright the wand'ring swain ;
 Dreadful, stalking to the murderers side,
 Hang o'er his couch, and fill his heart with pain.

Thou I, still mindful of that awful power
 Who guards the just, confiding in his aid ;
 Fearless, alone, or trace the secret bower,
 Or rove, be-wilder'd, thro' the moon-light shade.

Now, far beaming from the glowing east,
 The silver regent of the silent night ;
 Slowly ascends, in mildest radiance drest,
 And pours, o'er woods and streams, her magic
 light.

Awful silence ! contemplation hail !
 Bright emanation of celestial fire !
 Hail thy presence ! still may'st thou prevail,
 And all my soul, with thoughts divine, inspire.

Thee, while night's dim shades involve the sky,
 This solemn verse, a simple gift I bring ;
 To thine to guide the muses flight on high,
 Assist her strains, and aid her soaring wing.



On the Death of a Lady.

“FAREWELL for ever now the tranquil mind,
In which delight and harmony is bred ;
Farewell thou loveliest of the lovely kind,
In plaintive strains I mourn the silent dead.

MARIA's gone ! the fair angelic maid !
The pride and envy of the virgin throng ;
In the white robe of innocence array'd,
Celestial graces, did to her belong.

She's gone ! cries echo through the dreary grove,
Each hollow place catches the parting sound,
Whilst inward grief the sadden'd soul does move,
Repeated sighs, do oft her death propound.

No sculptur'd monument, or flowing line,
No panegyric flattering, we crave ;
To make all human excellencies thine,
Where native virtues live beyond the grave.

Where is the tongue, whose music charm'd the ear ?
Where is the sense, which always precepts taught ?
That tongue, whose music flow'd divinely clear,
That sense, with purity and goodness fraught.

Ah ! what avails the graces, nature gave ?
The coral lip, and cheek of vermilion dye ?
Not all thy charms coul'd save thee from the grave,
Where kings and beggars, all promiscuous lye.

Hung be the room with black, where thy soul fled,
 And gave the list'ning winds the dread reply ;
 And, doubly curs'd for ever be the bed,
 Whereon thy faint last words pronounc'd " I die."

May thou, seraphic faint, whose soul doth move,
 Beyond, th' extent of this terrestrial sphere,
 May thou find blessings with thy God above,
 And gain the happiness deny'd thee here.



An EPIGRAM.

OF old the right of sepulture (tis said)
 Heathens deny'd insolvent debtors dead ;
 A safer trade good modern christians drive,
 And charitably bury 'em alive.



A Religious Ode.

TO bow before that sov'reign power,
 Whose goodness heav'n and earth adore,
 With ev'ry morning's light ;
 And at the close of ev'ry day,
 To him my constant homage pay,
 Who holds the realms of night.

Then in his earthly courts t'appear,
 And pay my pure devotions there,
 Shall be my sweet employ ;
 The day that saw my Saviour rise,
 Shall dawn on my delighted eyes,
 With every sacred joy.

With

With grateful sorrow in my breast,
 I'll celebrate the dying feast,
 Of my expiring Lord ;
 And whilst his perfect love I view,
 His bright example I'll pursue,
 And meditate his word.

For vain is my devotion's fire,
 And falsely do my hopes aspire,
 To see the blest abode ;
 If earthly passions unsubstanc'd,
 Should on my doubtful path intrude,
 And intercept my road.

Be mine a meek and lowly mind,
 And ev'ry passion be resign'd,
 To reason's juster sway ;
 Be mine that sympathy of heart,
 Which tend'rest feelings can impart,
 For all my fellow clay.

Thus, tho' an adverse path I tread,
 By patience shall my soul be led,
 To wait my grand release ;
 For God shall be my strong support,
 And guide me to that blissful port,
 Where sin and sorrow cease.



On a VIOLET.

VERNAL blossom, child of spring,
 Thee, the joyous muse shall sing ;
 Fragrant violet, breathing sweets,
 Thee, the muse and zephyr greets ;

Welcome

Welcome, welcome to my lay,
 Token of the sunny day ;
 Oh ! how sweet to meet the gale,
 Westward from the purple vale !
 When the dew drops gild the thorn,
 Burnish'd by the beams of morn ;
 When the wood larks thrilling lays,
 Softens from the distant sprays ;
 When the cheerly milk-maids sing,
 Pleasant ditties prompt by spring ;
 All around the smoking pail,
 Blossom'd boughs the steams exhale ;
 Roger bears the load with glee,
 Pleas'd with gift of kisses three ;
 Happy, happy, happy life !
 Happy husband ! happy wife !
 To day,—to-morrow—loving still ;
 (Climb to courts, ye great that will)
 Ever loving, ever lov'd,
 Joys in coaches seldom prov'd ;
 Happy, happy, happy state !
 Spurn'd by fortune, blest by fate !
 But I wander from my strain,
 Now, my violet, thee again ;
 Od'rous blossom, sweetest flow'r !
 Essence of an April show'r !
 In thy lovely state I see,
 Meek-ey'd calm humility ;
 In thy solitude I find,
 Pure desires, and peace of mind ;
 Thee, my loved Susan blest,
 When she plac'd thee on her breast ;
 Happy flow'ret, thus to be,
 Hyacinthus dy'd for thee.



To ALEXANDER POPE, Esquire,

On his translating Homer's Iliad.

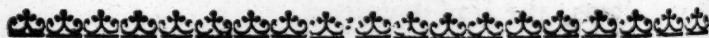
By ALLAN RAMSAY.

THREE times I've read your ILIAD o'er :
 The first time pleas'd me *well* ;
 New beauties unobserv'd before,
 Next pleas'd me *better* still.

Again I try'd to find a flaw
 Examin'd ilka line ;
 The third time pleas'd me *best* of a',
 The labour seem'd divine.

Hence forward I'll not tempt my fate
 On dazzling rays to stare,
 Lest I should tine dear self conceit,
 And read and write nae mair.

* A Lofe.



Epitaph on a Lap-Dog.

READER this artless heap of stones,
 Are rais'd to screen a lap-dog's bones ;
 But such a dog, whom partial nature
 Form'd a delightful darling creature ;

Small

Small was his size, tho' great his merit,
 His stature low, quite high his spirit ;
 When Anna was dispos'd to pray,
 Obedient Pompey silent lay ;
 But when she won a game without,
 To give her joy, he frisk'd about ;
 Such sympathy made Anna fonder,
 Of Pompey, than a vole sans prendre ;
 But mighty merit could not save
 The peerless puppy from the grave ;
 Pompey was nervous, droop'd, and dy'd,
 Anna had passions, and she cry'd ;
 E'en now she sighs, and swears she knows,
 A hundred pretty powder'd beaus,
 Scarce five of which have Pompey's sense ;
 Not one his fix'd benevolence.



The second Ode of Anacreon.

TRANSLATED.

NATURE gives all creatures arms,
 Faithful guards from hostile harms ;
 Jaws, the lion to defend,
 Horrid jaws that wide extend !
 Horns, the bull, resistless force !
 Solid hoofs, the vig'rous horse ;
 Nimble feet, the fearful hare ;
 Wings to fly, the birds of air ;
 Fins to swim, the wat'ry kind ;
 Man. the bold undaunted mind ;
 Nature, lavishing her store,
 What for woman had she more ?

H 2

Helpless

Helpless woman to be fair,
 Beauty fell to woman's share ;
 She that's beauteous need not fear,
 Sword, nor flame, nor shield, nor spear ;
 Beauty stronger arms affords,
 Stronger far, than flames or swords ;
 Stronger far than spears or shields,
 Man himself, to beauty yields !



P O S S E S S I O N .

A Pastoral.

YE swains, none so happy as I,
 Since Flora, my love, does reward ;
 So much, to divert her, I try,
 I scarce my sad flocks can regard.

Your nymphs to her beauty must bow,
 As thistles that spoil the fair field,
 Inferior their beauty, I trow,
 To tender soft myrtles do yield.

Yet, she's modest amidst all the praise,
 That on her, each shepherd bestows ;
 Names rival pretenders with ease,
 With envy, her face never glow s.

She says " beauty's praise is short fame ;
 Its owners will fade with it too ;"
 Many young giddy nymphs say the same,
 Yet think the sound maxim untrue.

Oft under my arbour's cool shade,
That wantons with roses, sweet flowers ;
And of elm-hugging woobines are made,
She sings as we spend the short hours.

Each shepherd the voice of his fair,
To birds that in concert combine ;
Or may, to soft music compare,
But no harmony's music to mine.

Our flocks feed around us the while,
Nor ever once offer to stray ;
She scarce can forbear from a smile,
As they silent devour her lay.

The birds too around us appear,
And cease their wild notes as she sings ;
Poor Philomel drops her mild ear
—On beware of fell jealousy's stings !

Her heart soon with pity doth bleed ;
How oft have I mark'd it to sigh,
And think it a ruthless foul deed
If she chanc'd but to kill a weak fly.

A sparrow had built her smooth nest,
All secret amidst my gay trees ;
Where under her downy fond breast,
She had shelter'd her young from each breeze.

Affrighted, the bird flew away,
As we unsuspecting drew near ;
—Sweet innocent bird to betray,
The only sweet cause of her fear.

I cruel resolv'd they should die,
Protecting my corn's future pride ;
I could wish the vile thought to deny ;
Thus the nymph to my purpose reply'd.

“ O Collin ! to rob it forbear,
 An indigent bird of its joy ;
 What is under the wing of thy care,
 Would’st thou like a tyrant destroy.”

I obeyed ; her thanks were a smile,
 Sufficient reward for my love ;
 I forget what is sorrow awhile,
 If my fair any deed does approve.

And oft as we tread the green grove,
 That does with clear fountains abound ;
 The young ones approach my pleas’d love,
 And thank her by chirping around.

Ye swains, teach your nymphs what I say,
 Let beauty employ their last care ;
 And copy from Flora each day,
 For, ’tis then they will ever be fair.



On H A P P I N E S S.

O Happiness, thou pleasing dream,
 Where is thy substance found,
 Sought thro’ the varying scenes in vain,
 Of earth’s capacious round ?

The charms of grandeur, pomp and shew,
 Are nought but gilded snares ;
 Ambition’s painful steep ascent,
 Thick fet with thorny cares.

The

The busy town, the crowded street,
 Where noise and discord reign,
 We gladly leave, and, tir'd, retreat
 To breathe and think again.

Yet, if retirement's pleasing charms,
 Detain the captive mind ;
 The soft enchantment soon dissolves ;
 'Tis empty all as wind.

Religion's sacred lamp alone,
 Unerring, points the way,
 Where, happiness for ever shines,
 With unpolluted ray.

To regions of eternal peace,
 Beyond the starry throne ;
 Where pure, sublime, and perfect joys,
 In endless prospect join.



Epigram on a Widow.

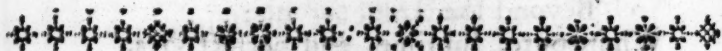
WHEN cruel fate had snatch'd her spouse away,
 Phillis in tears and anguish spends the day ;
 But a new lover soon relieves her sorrow,
 She dries her tears, and weds again to morrow.



E P I G R A M

To a pretended Friend, and real Enemy.

THY hesitating tongue, and doubtful face,
Shew all thy kindness to be mere grimace ;
Throw off the mask ; at once be foe, or friend ;
'Tis base to soothe, when malice is the end ;
The rock that's seen, givesthe poor sailor dread,
But double terror, that, which hides its head.



On KITTY FELL,

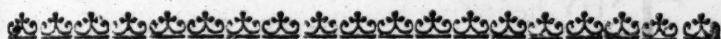
A famous Courtezan's falling from her Horse.

DEAR Kitty, had thy only fall
Been that, thou mett'st with, in the mall,
Thou had'st deserv'd our pity ;
But long before that luckless day,
With equal justice might we say,
Alas ! poor fallen Kitty !

Then, whilst you may, dear girl be wise,
And, though time now in pleasure flies,
Consider of hereafter ;
For know, the wretch who courts thee now,
When age has furrow'd o'er thy brow,
Shall change his sighs to laughter.

Reform

Reform thy manners, change thy ways,
 For virtue's sake, to merit praise,
 Be all thy honest strife ;
 So shall the world with pleasure say,
 " She tasted folly for a day,
 " And then grew wise for life."



Inquiry after Happiness.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
 O'er nature's soft repose ;
 No low'ring clouds obscure the skies,
 Nor ruffling tempest blows.

Now every passion sinks to rest,
 The throbbing heart lies still ;
 And varying scenes of life no more
 Distract the labouring will.

In silence hush'd, to reason's voice,
 Attends each mental power ;
 Come, dear Lorretta, and enjoy
 Reflection's favourite hour.

Come, while this peaceful scene invites,
 Let's search this ample round ;
 Where shall the lovely fleeting form
 Of happiness be found ?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth,
 Of gay assemblies dwell ?
 Or hid beneath the solemn gloom,
 That shades the hermit's cell ?

How oft, the laughing brow of joy,
 A sick'ning heart conceals ;
 And, thro' the cloister's deep recess,
 Invading sorrow steals ?

In vain, through fortune, beauty, wit,
 The fugitive we trace ;
 It dwells not in the faithless smile,
 That brightens Clodio's face.

How e'er our varying notions rove,
 All yet agree in one ;
 To place its being in some state,
 At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent gift,
 Of pow'r supremely wise !
 Who fancy happiness in all
 That providence denies.

Vain is, alike, the joy we seek,
 And vain, what we possess,
 Unless harmonious reason tunes
 The passions into peace.

To temp'rate bounds, to few desires,
 Is happiness confin'd ;
 And, deaf to folly's noise, attends
 The music of the mind.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

The LORD's PRAYER.

By the Rev. Mr. Fawkes.

FATHER of all ! whose throne illumines heaven,
 All honour to thy holy name be given ;
 Thy gracious kingdom come, thy righteous will,
 Let men on earth, as saints in heaven fulfill.

Give

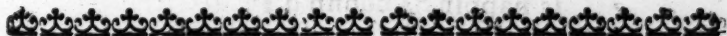
Give us this day, the bread by which we live ;
 As we our debtors, thou our debts forgive.
 Let no temptation lead us into woe ;
 Keep us from sin, and our eternal foe.
 For thy supreme religion we adore ;
 Thy power, thy glory is for evermore. Amen.



E P I T A P H.

BENEATH in the dust, the mouldy old crust
 Of MOLL BATCHELLOR lately was shoven ;
 Well skill'd in the arts, of pyes, puddings and tarts,
 And every device of the oven.

When she'd liv'd long enough, she made her last puff,
 A puff by her husband much prais'd ;
 And here she doth lie, and makes a dirt pye,
 In hopes that her crust may be rais'd.



The C H O I C E

DID fortune, what to few she'll give ;
 Allow my choice how I should live ;
 I would not seek an envy'd seat,
 Or daily visits of the great ;
 Nor yet, would my ambition fall
 To meagre wants' deserted hall ;
 To each extreme alike a foe,
 Too low for high, too high for low.

For

For use, not shew, my house should stand,
 Amidst a spot of fertile land ;
 A lake below, around a wood,
 Here bend a rock—there rush a flood ;
 A mountain should in prospect rise,
 And bear the grey mists to the skies ;
 When in some dark retreat I sit,
 Be near a friend, a man of wit ;
 Of heart sincere, and converse free,
 The lover of mankind, and me.
 Who, should the world tumultuous roar,
 Could calmly see the storm ashore ;
 Nor 'ere admit a longing sigh,
 To vex my privacy and I.

Here would I pass my blameless days,
 Possess'd of virtue and of ease ;
 Here die in peace and lie unknown,
 Without a monument of stone ;
 My friend might shed one pious tear ;
 My image in his bosom bear ;
 Might breathe in verse his tender moan,
 But breathe unto himself alone ;
 Yet leave not to the world my name,
 And puff away the strumpet fame.



A CHARACTER.

THERE's none but must own that Corrina is fair,
 So bright are her eyes, so enchanting her air,
 Yet she's likely, to die an old maid ;
 For she's proud and imperious, to such a degree,
 That all men will strive, from her chains to be free,
 Since her lovers with scorn are repaid.

The



The Atheist and Acorn.

METHINKS this world seems oddly made,
And every thing amiss,
A dull complaining Atheist said,
As stretch'd he lay beneath a shade,
And instanced in this ;

Behold, quoth he, that mighty thing,
A pumpkin, large and round,
Is held but by a little string
Which upward cannot make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground.

While on this tree a fruit so small,
So disproportion'd grows ;
That who so'er surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

My better judgment, would have hung
That fruit upon this tree,
And left this mast, thus slightly strung,
'Mongst things that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be.

No more the caviller could say,
No further faults descry ;
For upward gazing, as he lay,
An acorn, loosen'd from its stay,
Fell down upon his eye.

The

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
 As punish'd for the sin ;
 Fool ! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
 Thy whimsies must have work'd no more,
 Nor skull had kept them in.



The Art of making Hasty Pudding.

I Sing of food, by British nurse design'd,
 To make the stripling brave, and maiden kind ;
 Delay not, muse, in numbers to rehearse,
 The joys of life, and sinews of our verse ;
 Let pudding, dish most wholesome, be my theme,
 And, dip thy swelling plumes, in fragrant cream ;
 Sing then, that dish so fitting to improve,
 A tender modesty, and trembling love ;
 Swimming in butter, of a golden hue,
 Garnish'd with drops of roses, spicy dew.

Sometimes the frugal matron seems in haste,
 Nor cares to beat her pudding into paste ;
 Yet milk, in proper skillet, she will place,
 And gently spice it, with a blade of mace ;
 Then, set some careful damsel to look to't,
 And strive to stir away the Bishop's foot ;
 For if burnt milk should to the bottom stick,
 Like over heated zeal, 'twould make folks sick ;
 Into the milk, her flour, she gently, throws,
 As valets, now, would powder tender beaus ;
 The liquid forms, in hasty mass, unite,
 Both equally delicious, as they're white ,
 In shining dish, the hasty mess is thrown,
 And seems to want no graces but its own ;

Yet

Yet still the housewife brings in fresh supplies,
 To gratify the taste, and please the eyes ;
 She, on the surface, lumps of butter lays,
 Which, melting with the heat, its beams displays ;
 From whence it causes, wonder to behold !
 A silver foil, bedeck'd with streams of gold.



A MATRIMONIAL THOUGHT.

To Matthew Henderson, Esq;

IN the blithe days of honey-moon,
 With Kate's allurements smitten ;
 I lov'd her late, I lov'd her soon,
 And call'd her, dearest kitten.

But now my kitten's grown a cat,
 And cross, like other wives ;
 Oh ! by my soul, my honest Matt,
 I fear she has nine lives.



C U S T O M.

A Satire.

MISTAKEN world ! confiderate, how few !
 Bias'd by passions ! something ye pursue ;
 On earth, what mighty business, ye prepare,
 Eternity ye think not worth your care,

Is happiness your aim !—mistaken still !
 Mankind may all be happy if they will !
 Short-sighted judges !—acting as you guess,
 And vanity pursue for happiness ;
 Instead of conscience,—custom we explore,
 Which o'er our wills usurps tyrannic pow'r ;
 Custom for liberty is still mistook,
 And virtue for each fashion is forsook ;
 Custom, what art thou but an empty name,
 That checks our inclinations and our fame ;
 Youth, when by ill communication sway'd,
 Into slight follies often are betray'd ;
 Taught by example, sin becomes their thrall,
 Till from one vice they quickly run thro' all ;
 Goodness, religion, virtue's all a jest,
 Custom reigns solely in each human breast ;
 Observe authority, with look severe,
 Insulting merit, which it ought to cheer ;
 The tinsel'd coxcombs inwardly disdain
 The man of sense—because his dress is plain ;
 Meer slaves to fashion, and extremes of taste,
 With hat completely cock'd, and coat well lac'd ;
 Whether your qualities are good or ill,
 They judge your merit from your taylor's bill ;
 Concluding, he to wit, has no pretence,
 Whose lasting serge was bought at small expence.

Ye idle fair, who spend the fleeting hours,
 In trifles, dressing, scandal, and amours ;
 Whose heart with fashion's ardent fires glow,
 And pine for trifles, fashion can bestow ;
 In formal visits how can you delight,
 Seem fond of one you hate, to be polite ?
 Why is plain truth still deem'd impertinent,
 A nauseous flattery, a thing well meant ?
 Why do ye still the wealthy fool respect,
 And treat the meritorious with neglect ?
 The perjur'd rake to make your sex his friends,
 Grows disobedient, and his God offends ;
Abandon'd,

Abandon'd, yields to ev'ry headstrong passion,
 And damns himself, because it is the fashion;
 Why do the uncorrupted still look on,
 And calmly see life's business left undone?
 Custom is all we have for an excuse,
 Custom's the cloak for ev'ry rank abuse;
 Deluded age! confin'd in custom's chain,
 Reflect,—and soon your liberties regain;
 That once regain'd, this maxim will protect,
 Let each man act as custom will direct.



Inscription of a Column at Runny-Mead.

By the late Dr. Akenfide.

THOU, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
 While Thames among his willows from thy view
 Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
 Around contemplate well. This is the place
 Where England's ancient Barons clad in arms,
 And stern with conquest, from their tyrant King,
 (Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure,
 The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
 Till thou hast blest their memory, and paid
 Those thanks, which God appointed the reward
 Of public virtue. And, if chance, thy home
 Salute thee with a fathers honour'd name,
 Go, call thy sons: instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down intire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

An



An Estimate of Human Life.

*Somnus, bulla, vitrum, glacies, flos fabula, fœnum.
Umbra, cinis, punctum, vox, sonus, aura, nihil.*

WHAT is the fleeting life of mortal man—
Its date extended, measures but a span ;
A dream—that leaves no memory behind,
A bubble—blown away by every wind,
A flower—which fades as soon as in the bloom,
A tale—'ith morning told, forgot 'ere noon,
As grass—cut down and wither'd in an hour,
A shadow—which has no continuing power,
As dust—that's driven by the whirling storm,
A point—that knows no substance, parts, or form,
A voice—which nothing but a sound can boast,
A sound—that in surrounding air is lost,
A vapour—toss'd about by ev'ry breath,
A nothing !—but the sport of time, and death.



Advice to LAURA.

PRETTY, little, modest fair,
Sweetly soft, and debonair,
Why so fond of giving pain ?
Where's the merit of disdain ?
Say, can female frowns assuage
Love's impetuous frantic rage ?
Smile, fair-maid, in beauty's bloom,
'Ere some latent evil come ;

Statel

Stately forms must soon decay.
Wanton youth will steal away ;
Mark the fragrant budding rose,
How it blossoms, how it glows ;
Such is beauty's transcient boast
Such the eye that sparkles most ;
Haste then, Laura, haste to live,
Kindness take, and kindness give.



Inscription on Chancer's Monument.

OF English bards who sung the sweetest strains,
Old Geoffrey Chaucer now this tomb contains;
For his death's date, if reader thou should'st call,
Look but beneath, and it will tell thee all.

25th of October, 1400.



ROYAL GENEALOGY

From James the II. back to William the Conqueror.

JAMES the second was the brother of Charles the second, who was the son of Charles the first, who was the son of James the first, who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was the sister of Mary, who was the sister of Edward the sixth, who was the son of Henry the eighth, who was

was the son of Henry the seventh, who was the cousin of Richard the third, who, was the uncle of Edward the fifth, who was the son of Edward the fourth, who was the cousin of Henry the sixth, who was the son of Henry the fifth, who was the son of Henry the fourth, who was the cousin of Richard the second, who was the grandson of Edward the third, who was the son of Edward the second, who was the son of Edward the first, who was the son of Henry the third, who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard the first, who was the son of Henry the second, who was the cousin of Stephen, who was the cousin of Henry the first, who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror, who was the son of a WHORE.



The M A T C H.

A Doating old fool had a mind once to wed,
 So he took a gay wanton young lass to his bed ;
 She married the man for the sake of his pelf ;
 In hopes of a spark, and a house to herself.

When darkness was fled he wou'd angle till noon,
 But once broke his line and returning too soon,
 He surpriz'd the young couple,—when madam began,
 Why so fullen, my dear ?—look up like a man ;
 The 'squire has bought me the lemons you see,
 Do but get me some corks, and the liquor's for thee ;
 This will warm you within, if it freezes or snows,
 And your house is insur'd, as the policy shows ;
 Of a truth, yo've no need to bemoan your bad luck,
 He has sent us besides, the best part of a buck.

I am

I am no such woodcock, the husband replies,
 I know that your conduct my fortune supplies ;
 But yet, though this bounty my table adorns.
 Whilst I eat of the buck, I shall think of the horns.



E P I G R A M

On the Death of the late Wm. Beckford, Esq.

ALL arts, to save his country, Beckford tried,
 And when he found them all in vain—he died.



A Genealogical Anecdote.

NOT an hundred years ago, a certain person, whose descendant sat in the upper house, was created a Baron, whose father had been Lord Mayor of London, and a foundling. The son of this Baron, enjoying the title after his father, was one day in company with some of his own rank, who were boasting of the antiquity of their families ;—well said our Baron, I am the fourth Lord of my family.—“ How can that be, my Lord, you are surely but the second ?”—I can demonstrate what I say ;—“ pray let us hear ?”—I am a Lord, my father was a Lord ;—“ very well, you can go no farther”—O yes, said he, my grandfather was Lord Mayor of London ;—“ very true, but there you are stopt ;”—not at all, said he, for my great grandfather was the Lord knows who.



The Lady and her Picture.

THE painter brought the picture home ;
 By most 'twas censur'd, prais'd by some ;—
 Some said it was too old for Phillis ;—
 Where are the roses, mixt with lillies,
 That grace the fair original ?
 'Tis nothing but a painted wall !—

Thus said the flatterers of the maid ;
 While others prais'd the light and shade,
 Applauded much the painter's art,
 And swore the likeness struck the heart ;
 Phillis, indeed, admir'd the piece,
 And to her own prefer'd its ease ;
 Commended too the painter's taste,
 In flatt'ring her about the waiste ;
 The turn of elegance commended,
 And said the tints were aptly blended .
 But then, she could not but confess,
 Paint could not all the life express ;
 'Twas difficult to hit a feature,
 And painters could but copy nature
 'Twas natural to like an emblem,
 As all admire what most resemble 'em.

Thus Phillis spoke in company :
 What says she, though, when no one's by ?
 " Thou tawdry effort of a dawber,
 " Disgustful more than salts of Glauber ;
 " As well you may pretend to vie,
 " With the bright glories of the sky ;

" An

" And hope as well applauses drawn
 " From mimicking the ruddy dawn ;
 " As to attempt to paint one grace,
 " Among the thousand, of my face ;
 " Where are the cherries on my cheek ?
 " My, forehead round, and high, and sleek ?
 " Ay ! where, indeed, the rose and lilies
 " Upon the lips and neck of Phillis ?
 " Thou mortifying shade, avaunt,
 " More like my mother or my aunt."

'Twas in that mortifying hour,
 Jove gave the picture speech and pow'r ;
 It mov'd to speak and thus it said :
 " Oh ! fatally mistaken maid !
 " For I shall please when you are dead.
 " Admirers I shall have, when thou
 " Art rotten in the tomb below ;
 " The painter has display'd his art,
 " And I shall live to strike the heart ;
 " Shall live, to mortify thee more,
 " Tho' thou should creep it to fourscore ;
 " I shall be still the blooming maid,
 " When thou art wither'd, and decay'd."

}



Clarinda.—A Character.

CLARINDA, thoughtless, young, and gay,
 In trifles past her time away ;
 The play, the ball, the gay partie,
 By turns, ingross'd her mind, and she ;
 On these alone, her time she spent,
 Nor ever thought for what 'twas lent.

But,

But, fair Clarinda think betime,
 Nor thus, inglorious, waste your prime ;
 Consider, while with pains and cost,
 You deck that face—which soon is lost ;
 With half that pains to deck your mind,
 Would leave the sweetest taste behind ;
 Would soothe your thoughts and banish care,
 When other beauties feel despair.



A Grammatical Love Letter.

Madam,

IF there be yet no *proposition* towards a *conjunction* with you, be pleased to admit of this *interjection* of my pretences. I do not *pronounce ad verbum*, that I desire to be *adjective* to you, in all *cases* ; for I *positively* declare, that *comparatively* speaking, I should be *superlatively* happy, should I *engender* with you in all *modes* and *tenses* whatsoever. I hope you will not think me so *singular*, but that I desire to have the *plural number* in my family, and that I am too *masculine to be neuter*, with regard to the *feminine* ; therefore let us have our affections in *common of two* ; far be it from you to *decline this conjugation*. Though I am not the *first person*, nor the *second person*, nor the *third person*, who has solicited you to be *subjunctive* to our love. I presume, you will not be in the *imperative*, while I am in the *potential* ; and that you will permit me with a *conjunctive copulative* of my *propria quææ maribus* with your *as in presenti* ; this will make a *participle* of happiness if you will *actually* give me your voice to be *passive* therein. Be

you

you but *supine*, and I will be *deponent*, tho' *Syntaxis* may be afraid of *accidents*; but it is the *optative* of my soul, to be a lawful *concord* with the *genitive*.—My whole income shall be a *dative* to you for the *present*; nothing shall be *accusative* against you for the *future*, and your sweet *name* ever my *vocative*, till death, the great *ablative* of all things.

Yours, &c.

MICHAEL QUÆ GENUS.



The V I R T U O S O.

WHAT to the valiant knight of Spain
Was DONNA DEL TOBOSO;
Such is the idol of his brain,
To every virtuoso.

Don Quixote to a goddess lifted,
An homespun country lass;
Each grain of corn the damsel sifted,
With him for pearls could pass.

What e'er the curious deifies,
It thus its fancy warms;
And gives to shells and butterflies,
Imaginary charms.

But let not those who look more grave,
Themselves their wisdom pride on;
Since ev'ry man must sometimes have,
His hobby horse to ride on.



E P I G R A M.

HOW great thy might, let none by mischief know,
 But what thou can'st, by acts of kindness show;
 A power to hurt, is no such noble thing,
 The toad can poison, and the serpent sting.

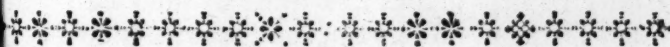
*The Miser's Wonder.*

DUGARD the veriest gripe alive,
 Whose only maxim was to thrive ;
 The common jest of every tongue,
 The line disgracing whence he sprung ;
 Tho' grudging even food the charge,
 A palace built immensely large ;
 Its inside rich, its outside great,
 He liv'd, or rather starv'd in state.

By chance, Orlando, passing by,
 Upon the building cast his eye ;
 Dugard, who knew his perfect taste
 His entrance begs—if not in haste ;
 He stops,—then civilly is shown—
 The wonders of each stately room ;
 Paintings, from distant climates brought,
 Carpets, that were in Persia wrought ;
 And roofs resplendent all with gold,
 You might, with wonder, there behold.

By

By the large stairs, descending down,
 At last, they enter the saloon ;
 There, Dugard thus accosts his guest ;
 " Since with your presence I am blest,
 " Oblige me, Sir, in this demand,
 " These pannels, that unfinish'd, stand,
 " I would have pictur'd with some scene,
 " That never yet had painted been ;
 " Direct my choice."—" If oddness please,
 ' Ev'n paint a man that seems to sneeze.'
 " Thy humour, good Orlando, change,
 " I would have something really strange."
 ' What stranger yet ! then prithee draw
 ' PLENTY,—that thing you never saw.'



E P I T A P H

On the Death of a Young Gentleman.

H! come, who know the childless parent's sigh,
 The bleeding bosom, and the streaming eye ;
 No feel the wounds a dying friend imparts,
 When the last pang divides two social hearts ;
 His weeping marble claims the gen'rous tear,
 He lies the friend, the son, and all that's dear ;
 He fell full blossom'd in the pride of youth,
 The nobler pride of science, worth and truth ;
 And serene he view'd his mould'ring clay,
 He fear'd to go, nor fondly wish'd to stay ;
 When the king of terrors, he descry'd,
 And the stern mandate, bow'd his head and dy'd.

On receiving Benefit by drinking Buxton Waters.

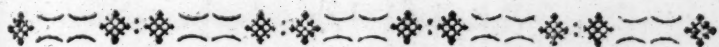
THREE springs of different virtues, bounteous
heaven

To man, for his support and health has given ;
The simple element, sustains our frame,
Makes it, to morrow and to day the same ;
Working no change, because no change is good,
It melts our aliments, supplies our blood ;
But if we're sick, and different helps require ;
Springs, that can elevate or sink our fire ;
Can purge our juices, or our fibres brace,
And give new health and spirit to the face ;
Such springs at Buxton you may surely find ;
Springs that will suit, or singly or combin'd.

A PARADOX.

To a Lady.

MY Sukey, trust me, for 'tis true,
At once, I love, and hate thee too ;
'Tis true, thy wanton airs are such,
I hate thee, yes, I hate thee much ;
Yet, such is beauty's magic pow'r,
Tho' much I hate, I love thee more ;
And such my sighs, as plainly prove,
Tho' much I hate thee, more I love ;
Thus, tho' I hate, and hate sincerely,
I still must love, and love thee dearly.



On the Head - Ach being cured,

By dancing with a Lady.

QUACK DOCTORS too often their patients deceive,
By boasted pretensions to skill ;
And while they, the present disorder relieve,
Fix some more incurable ill.

Thus LAURA, by dancing, my head-ach reliev'd
And I vainly applauded her art ;
Till at length, the fair mountebank's cheat I perceiv'd,
For the pain is now fix'd in my heart.



*The following Epitaph in Hadleigh Church, Suffolk ;
being something Whimsical, may be thought worth
preserving.*

THE charnel mounted on this, w
Sets to be seen in funer
A matron playn domestic
In housewiefry a princip
In care and payns continu
Not slow nor gay nor prodig
Yet neighbourly and hospit
Her children seven yet living
Her sixty seventh year hence did c
To rest her body natur
In hopes to rise spiritu

} all,



The contented Pair.

A Cottage, with a steeple nigh,
 A little brook that bubbles by ;
 A garden full of fruits, and flowers,
 And mossy beds, and shady bowers ;
 An orchard richly stor'd with fruit,
 That any Lady's taste may suit ;
 Daisies overspread th' enamel'd ground,
 Diffusing fragrance all around ;
 The tender trees, and shrubs exhale,
 Those sweets that blow with ev'ry gale ;
 The fertile lands and fruitful fields,
 Enlivening all that nature yields ;
 Without, you view this lovely frame ;
 Within the scene is much the same,
 Tho' some would call our cottage mean,
 Few palaces are kept so clean ;
 For sumptuous fare, we never look,
 When there's a flitch upon the hook ;
 Blest with two lovely girls and boys,
 Who part our care, and share our joys ;
 We chearful pass the time away
 In labour all the live long day ;
 With hearts, quite open and sincere,
 With no improper wish, or fear ;
 We study, aim, and wish to do
 Just as we would be done unto ;
 Thinking content a greater gain,
 Than pride, with all her haughty train ;
 Or blaze and splendour of a court,
 Where honour's often but a sport ;

Contented,

Contented, as we said before,
 We neither ask, or wish for more;
 To wish for more were but a jest,
 To providence we leave the rest.



If the CAP fits, put it ON.

AT home, when married Nancy fits,
 And only spouse's friends admits,
 How negligent her airs!
 Quite a-la-mode in dishabille,
 See! snuff her nose and fingers fill,
 Her hair about her ears.

Her handkerchief and morning gown,
 About her shoulders loosely thrown,
 With scarce a single pin in;
 No stays, no hoop, are seen upon her,
 Those double guards of female honour,
 And then, ye gods! her linen.

But when a ball, or masquerade,
 Calls her from this domestic shade,
 In public light to shine;
 She's dress'd compleat from head to foot,
 If jewels, silk, and lace, can do't,
 No dutchess half so fine.

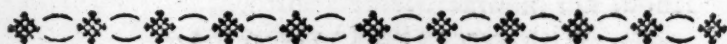
So flies, when wintry season's reign,
 Obscure in filth, and dirt remain,
 Nor dare to 'tempt the skies;
 Till warm'd by Phœbus' genial rays,
 They bask and wanton in the blaze,
 And shew a thousand dyes.



On an Apothecary.

SEE, where his patient's case to hear,
 MEDICUS sits with solemn air,
 And sagely gives advice ;
 A proper regimen commands,
 In terms himself scarce understands
 Quaint, formal, and precise.

So, of a starling have I known,
 In mimic words and grating tone,
 Cry, CUCKOLD, SOT, OR KNAVE ;
 With air demure, and stately pace,
 He struts about from place to place,
 Ridiculously grave.



On the Death of Mr. Quin.

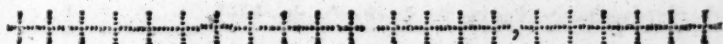
ALAS poor Quin ! thy jests and stories,
 Are quite extinguish'd ; and what more is }
 There's no JACK FALSTAFF, no JOHN DORIES.



Verses wrote by a great Personage.

GENTEEL is my Damon, engaging his air,
 His face, like the morn, is both ruddy and fair ;
 Soft love sits enthron'd in the beam of his eyes,
 He's manly, yet tender, he's fond and yet wise ;
 He's

He's ever good humour'd, he's generous and gay,
 His presence can always drive sorrow away;
 No vanity sways him, no folly is seen,
 But open his temper, and noble his mein;
 By virtue illumin'd, his actions appear,
 His passions are calm, and his reason is clear;
 An affable sweetness attends on his speech,
 He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.
 He has promis'd to love me—his word I'll believe,
 For his heart is too honest to let him deceive;
 Then blame me, ye fair ones, if justly ye can,
 Since the picture I've drawn, is, exactly, the MAN.



The WAY to get HIM.

Or, Advice to the Ladies.

GIRLS who intend the heart to seize,
 Must shew their beauties by degrees;
 By full displays, they lose their aim;
 'Tis expectation feeds the flame,
 And gently fans the amorous fire,
 Which, but for that would soon expire.
 The breast which pants thro' cyprus gauze
 A glance of admiration draws;
 But when we've seen it o'er and o'er,
 It strikes us with surprize no more;
 We coolly own its snowy charms,
 But feel no violent alarms.

We soon grow surfeited with those,
 Who all their charms at once disclose;
 And, from a vain desire, to strike,
 Treat all, with what they have, alike;

The female rattle, flirt, and rake,
 The point they have in view mistake ;
 And formal prudes and gay coquettes,
 Instead of cages, deal in nets.
 If girls to admiration prone,
 Would only let themselves alone ;
 And not by studied airs pretend,
 The charms which nature gives to mend :
 Nor ev'n those charms at once reveal,
 But with discretion half conceal ;
 Their prudence would be well repaid,
 By ev'ry conquest which they made.



An EPIGRAM.

WHEN wedded NELL was brought to bed,
 She scream'd and roar'd with pain ?
 She'd rather die a maid, she said,
 Was it to do again.

Pray have a little patience, NELL,
 And say, why now this pother ?
 Before your marriage, you could tell,
 What 'twas to be a mother.



A Batchelor's Choice.

BEAUTY the poet's theme, the poet's fire,
 The madman's phrensy,—and the fools desire ;
 What is it but an idle empty shade ?
 A sweet, deceitful, fair, malignant jade ?

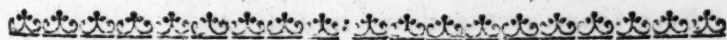
I wish.

I wish it not, nor ask I titles great,
 No gaudy trappings, nor no tinsell'd state ;
 I crave not wealth ; for that's a load of care ;
 All riches are not worth one virtuous fair ;
 Give me, ye gods ! and I am truly blest,
 A nymph, whose mind by virtue is possest ;
 One, who can view the world, and all its toys,
 Taste their delights, yet think on higher joys,
 Such is the fair with whom, I'd pass my days,
 Learn to deserve, and imitate her ways ;
 Wealth, beauty, titles, let all others share,
 Give me a virtuous and accomplish'd fair.



On Capt. Rodney's Marriage with Miss Harley.

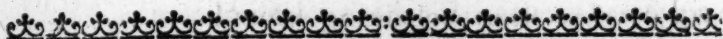
A Pair so nicely match'd, exceeds all story,
 Where LUST of gain, unites with LUST of glory.



An Epitaph on Mrs. Hillary.

"TIS not because this woman's virtue dies,
 That this brass tells you—here ANN HILLARY
 lies ;
 Her name's longlive'd, by all she is commended,
 The weeping poor cry —HILLARY TERM is ended.

The



The *C O N T R A S T.*

WHEN heav'ns imperial beauties stood,
 Reveal'd to Paris eyes ;
 Their charms in deep suspense he view'd,
 Still doubting whose the prize.

Thus, lost in beauty's maze, I trace,
 Mild FLORA's sober mein ;
 When MIRA's gay and sprightly grace,
 Adorns the rival scene.

Enthron'd in FLORA's pensive brow,
 A PALLAS we survey ;
 In MIRA's cheek the Cupids glow,
 The smiles of Venus play.

In manners grave, and tempers sweet,
 See, FLORA how serene ;
 Each look, each gesture, how discreet !
 How pure each thought within.

Lo ! MIRA, chearful, airy, smart,
 In native humour gay ;
 Each smile the emblem of her heart,
 Bright as the god of day.

FLORA's reserve and decency,
 Our reason bids approve ;
 And MIRA's sweet vivacity,
 Inspires the warmth of love.

My

My friendship then, my best esteem,
 To FLORA, I resign ;
 MIRA ! thou dear enchanting whim !
 My ravish heart, be thine.



On a Tombstone in Essex.

HERE lies the man Richard,
 And Mary his wife ;
 Their surname was Prichard ;
 They liv'd without strife ;
 And the reason was plain—
 They abounded in riches ;
 They, nor care had, nor pain
 And the wife WORE THE BREECHES.



A moderate Wish.

OF wealth, ye powers ! I want but little store,
 One cent. per annum, and I ask no more ;
 Give me content enough thro' life to pass,
 By turns, a friend, a thought, a book, a glass ;
 A verdant walk inductive to some shade,
 Not form'd by art but by kind nature made ;
 A pond and on its bank a woodbine bower,
 A little garden stor'd with every flower ;
 A female mate with virtue-sparkling eyes,
 Her looks be modest, and her mind be wise ;
 Of conversation innocently gay,
 And manners gentle as the breath of May ;
 Friend to my friends, a bitter foe to strife,
 Kind to my children, and to me, a wife.

Verses

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Verses by Sir Charles Hanbury, to Sir Hans Sloane, who sav'd his Life, and desired him to send over all the Rarities he could find in his Travels.

SINCE you, dear Doctor sav'd my life,
 To blefs by turns, and plague my wife ;
 In conscience I'm oblig'd to do,
 What ever is enjoin'd by you ;
 According then to your command,
 That I should search the eastern land,
 For curious things of every kind,
 And send you all that I shall find,
 I've ravag'd air, earth, seas, and caverns,
 Men, women, children, towns, and taverns ;
 And greater rarities can shew,
 Then Gresham's children ever knew,
 Which, carrier Dick, shall bring you down,
 Next time his waggon comes to town ;
 First, I've three drops of that same shower,
 Which Jove in DANAE's lap did pour ;
 From Carthage brought, the sword I'll send,
 Which brought Queen DIDO to her end ;
 The stone whereby GOLIATH dy'd,
 Which cures the head-ach, well apply'd ;
 The snake skin, which you may believe,
 The Devil cast, who tempted EVE ;
 A fig leaf apron—its the same,
 That ADAM wore to hide his shame,
 But now wants darning ;—I've beside,
 The spade by which poor ABEL dy'd ;
 A whetstone worn exceeding small,
 Which TIME did whet his scythe withall ;
 The pigeon stuff'd, which NOAH sent,
 To tell him where the waters went ;
 A ring I've got of Sampson's hair,
 The same, which DALILAH did wear ;

Saint DUNSTAN's tongs, which story shews,
 Did pinch the Devil by the nose ;
 The very shaft, as all may see,
 Which CUPID shot at ANTHONY ;
 And which above the rest I prize,
 A glance of CLEOPATRA's eyes ;
 Some strains of ELOQUENCE, which hung,
 In Roman times on TULLY's tongue,
 Which, long conceal'd and lost, had lain,
 Till MURRAY found them out again ;
 Then I've, most curious to be seen,
 A SCORPION's bite to cure the spleen ;
 A GOAD, that rightly us'd will prove,
 A certain remedy for love ;
 As MOORE cures worms, in stomach bred,
 I've pills cures maggots in the head ;
 I've got a ray of Phœbus' shine,
 Found in the bottom of a mine ;
 A Lawyer's conscience, large, and fair,
 Fit for a judge himself to wear ;
 I've a choice nostrum fit to make,
 An oath, a Catholic will take ;
 In a thumb vial, you shall see,
 Close cork'd, some drops of honesty ;
 Which, after searching kingdoms round,
 At last, were in a cottage found ;
 An antidote, if such there be,
 Against the charms of flattery.
 I ha'nt collected any care,
 Of that there's plenty ev'ry where ;
 But after wond'rous labours spent,
 I've got one grain of rich content ;
 This my wish—it is my glory—
 To furnish your NICKNACKATORY ;
 You'll tell your friends to whom you owe 'em,
 At any time whene'er you show 'em ;
 Which, may your other patients teach,
 To know, as has done yours, C. H.



On E T E R N I T Y.

By Dr. Gibbons.

WHAT is eternity ? can aught
Paint its duration to the thought ?

Tell every beam the sun emits,
When in sublimest noon he sits ;
Tell every light wing'd mote that strays
Within its ample round of lays ;
Tell all the leaves, and all the buds,
That crown the garden, fields and woods ;
Tell all the spires of grafs the meads
Produce, when spring propitious leads
The new born year ; tell all the drops,
That night, upon their bended tops
Sheds in short silence, to display
Their beauties with the rising day ;
Tell all the sand the ocean laves,
Tell all its changes all its waves ;
Or tell with more laborious pains,
The drops its mighty mass contains ;
Be this astonishing account
Augmented with the full amount
Of all the drops the clouds have shed,
Where'er their watry fleeces spread ;
Thro' all time's long protracted tour,
From Adam to the present hour ;
Still short the sum ; nor can it vie
With the more numerous years that lie
Enbosom'd in E T E R N I T Y.

}

Was

Was there a belt that could contain
 In its vast orb, the earth, and main,
 With figures was it cluster'd o'er,
 Without one cypher in the score ;
 And would your labouring thought assign,
 The total of the crouded line ;
 How scant th' amount ! th' attempt how vain !
 To reach durations endless chain !
 For when as many years are run,
 Unbounded age is but begun :

Attend, O man, with awe divine,
 For this eternity is thine !



Ode to Adversity.

IF on this roof, high heav'n should send,
 Thy hand, corrective fair ;
 Submissive, teach my soul to bend,
 But keep her from despair.

Fate's awful word must sure be just,
 Then let me kiss the rod ;
 Nor, worn with woe, at all distrust,
 The goodness of my God.

The hand, who form'd my inmost thoughts,
 Must needs be great and wise ;
 And he who best perceives my faults,
 The fittest to chastise.

Then, till life's latest sands are run,
 O teach me, pow'r divine !
 To cry, my God, thy will be done,
 Whate'er becomes of mine.



To Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

By Mr. Pope.

IN beauty or wit, no mortal, as yet,
To question your empire has dar'd ;
But men of discerning, have thought that in learning,
To yield to a Lady was hard.

Impertinent schools, with musty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd ;
So papists refuse, the bible to use,
Lest flocks shou'd be wise as their guide.

'Twas a woman at first (indeed she was curst,)
In knowledge that tasted delight ;
And sages agree, the laws should decree,
To the first of possessors, the right.

Then bravely fair dame, resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong ;
And let men receive, from a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But if the first Eve, hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she ;
What punishment new, shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree ?



The COMPARISON.

CORDELIA, fond our hearts to move,
Forth all at once displays her charms ;
'Tis at first sight she gains our love,
Or, not the least her beauty harms.

Far nobler arts, CLARINDA tries,
Nor of such conquests would she boast ;
She knows, what's taken by surprize,
May by the next surprize be lost.

She with a softer easier grace,
Kindles at first a gentle fire ;
Think of her mind, or view her face,
And you perceive it blazing higher.

CORDELIA's but a single feast,
CLARINDA's form'd thro' life to please ;
At every meal, she mends—at least—
Who would not chuse the last of these ?



On the Death of a Wife, a notable Scold and a Shrew.

By the Husband.

WE lived one and twenty year,
As man and wife together ;
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gone—I know not whither.

Could

Could I but guess I do protest,
 I speak it not to flatter ;
 Of all the women in the world
 I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
 A handsome grave doth hide her ;
 And sure, her soul is not in hell,
 —The devil would ne'er abide her.

I rather think she's soar'd aloft,
 For in the last great thunder ;
 Me thought I heard her very voice,
 Rending the clouds in sunder.



The R O S E.

By Mr. Philips.

THE rose's age, is but a day,
 Its bloom, the pledge of its decay ;
 Sweet in scent ; in colour bright ;
 It blows at morn, and fades at night.

Imitated by Dr. Swift.

My age is not a moments stay,
 My birth, the same with my decay ;
 I favour ill ; no colour know ;
 And fade, the instant that I blow.

The



The R A P T U R E

*On viewing Shakespear's Tomb, at Stratford,
upon Avon.*

IMMORTAL Shakespear ! while I view thy shrine,
Where many a bard has been with rapture fir'd ;
Accept these poor tho' grateful lays of mine,
These grateful lays thy relics have inspir'd ;

Great nature's mirrour ! fancy's fav'rite child,
Whose wond'rous muse could all her charms explain,
And sooth our ears with thy sweet warblings wild
Without controul o'er ev'ry passion reign :

This flow'ry wreath I hang around thy urn,
Not deck'd with dew but with the gen'rous tear ;
And till the vital lamp shall cease to burn,
Thy mem'ry sweet, I ever shall revere :

Ye weeping muses, vent the melting strain !
Ye rural swains an annual tribute bring ;
Collect from ev'ry grove and flow'ry plain,
The richest produce of the breathing spring :

Soft zephyrs fair, your fragrant wings display,
Waft ev'ry sweet from all the flow'rs that bloom,
Ye fairy tribes ! who sport in Cynthia's ray,
Your airy circles lead around his tomb :

And you, ye nymphs of Avon, crystal stream,
With willows crown'd, your solemn dirges sing ;
Till the last morn emits the splendid beam !
His ariel wakes him with the tuneful string.



A Landscape Morning.

THE early lark salutes the op'ning day,
And calls the lab'rer to his daily toil ;
The meadows clad in lovely springs array,
Give the first tribute of a fruitful soil :

The sporting flocks no longer are confin'd,
But joyful range o'er ev'ry fertile hill ;
The feather'd songsters now are all conjoin'd,
With warbling notes, to pleasure yonder vill.

A verdant green adorns the hedge and trees,
And nature in her richest robes is drest ;
The blooming flow'rs, and early budding leaves,
Th' approach of jocund May have all confest :

Sure every one must join in awful praise,
To the supreme omnipotent for these !
'Tis he who guides us thro' life's busy maze !
'Tis he conducts us through the paths with ease.



The Maid's Resolution.

“WHY dost thou frown” PALEMON cry'd,
“ Dear girl with cold disdain ?”
“ I like you not” the fair reply'd,
“ I tell you flat and plain,”

“ Then

" Then you resolve" return'd the youth,
 " With cruel scorn to make
" The man whose bosom burns with truth,
 " Unhappy for your sake."

" Not so, I'd have not truth for me,
 " Without return to sigh ;
" For tis my fix'd resolve" said she,
 " A maid to live and die."

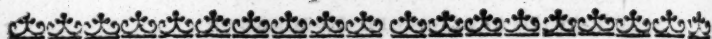
" Excuse me, ma'am, nor let your scorn,
 " My doubts," said he, " upbraid
" That woman yet—was never born,
 " Who wish'd to die a maid."

" Upon my word, that's very high"
 The blooming fair reply'd ;
" Would you absurdly then deny,
 " That *some* have maidens dy'd ?"

" The fact that *SOME* have dy'd undone,
 " I grant with ready voice ;
" But could the secret truth be known,
 " I think not *ONE* by *CHOICE*."

The fair one blush'd, nor could disown,
 The truth her lover spoke ;
And smiling, while she strove to frown,
 Thus prov'd her scorn, a joke.

Humanity



Humanity and Generosity.

Wrote on an Extreme cold tempestuous Day.

NOW Boreas drives with all his host,
From Scandinavia's frozen coast ;
And, armed from the gelid pole,
Exerts his rage on every soul.

Hark ! how without my shelt'ring doors,
Bleak winter's fierce artillery roars ;
Hail, storm, and wind, tempestuous hurl'd,
Howl o'er the waste, and shake the world ;
Firm seated on a healthy rock
My house withstands the dreadful shock ;
How pleas'd am I ! how blest within !
To rouse the fire and warm my shin ;
Before my face the table's spread,
With wholesome meats and chearing bread ;
Nor when I dine, nor when I sup,
Want I the life reviving cup ;
The muse, a book, or social friend,
Assist the leisure hours to spend ;
And more, to season all, I find,
A chearful, thankful, easy mind ;
Ye wanton rich ! ye thoughtless great !
I envy not your lofty state ;
While I, desires for more subdue,
I am as great and rich as you.

Ah ! little think the proud and gay,
Who vainly sport their time away ;
While wealth and pow'r their tents surround,
What pains, what wants, what woes abound !

Ah !

Ah ! little think the laughing throng,
 Whose sole delight is wine and song ;
 While they regale in costly room,
 How many pine in dungeon gloom ;
 And, lost to ev'ry joy, are fed,
 With want and misery's bitter bread.

Ah ! little think th' ambitious race,
 (Who'd lose their souls to gain a place)
 While, in their lordly dooms, they strut,
 How many, shrunk in sordid hut,
 Hang shiv'ring o'er their glow-worm fire,
 Barr'd e'en what nature must require.

Deluded fools ! such ills as these,
 Should rouse you from your tamper'd ease ;
 Should tender sympathies create,
 And warm benevolence dilate ;
 Your friendly bosom thus inclin'd,
 Would bless or pity all mankind.

But hark !—what knocking shakes my door ?
 Go, maid, and see—" Sir, tis the poor."
 The poor !—alas ! tis hard indeed,
 While we've supply of ev'ry need,
 That any fellow mortal stand,
 With belly starv'd, and empty hand ;
 " Here take these crumbs" (in haste I cry)
 " And let 'em feed as well as I,
 " I'll free dispense, what heaven bestows,
 " Nor shut my eyes on other's woes."

Ye wanton rich ! ye thoughtless great !
 Should fortune send me your estate ;
 I'd thank her not for all her store,
 If heav'n deny'd me one thing more ;
 If heav'n deny'd a generous heart,
 Those favours freely to impart ;
 That is the balm of all the rest ;
 Since all, in blessing, must be blest.



RULES and MAXIMS

For promoting Matrimonial Happiness.

Addressed to the Ladies in general, whether Widows,
Wives or Spinsters.

THE likeliest way, either to obtain a good husband, or keep one so, is to be good yourself.

Never use a lover ill whom you design to make your husband, lest he should either upbraid you with it, or return it, afterwards; and, if you find at any time an inclination to play the tyrant, remember these two lines of truth and justice :

*“ Gently shall those be rul’d who gently sway’d,
“ Abject shall those obey, who haughty were obey’d.”*

Avoid, both before and after marriage, all thoughts of managing your husband; never endeavour to deceive or impose on his understanding; nor give him uneasiness, (as some do very foolishly) to try his temper; but treat him always, before hand, with sincerity, and afterwards, with affection and respect.

Be not over sanguine before marriage, nor promise yourself felicity without alloy; for that’s impossible to be attained in this present state of things; consider beforehand, that the person you are going to spend your days with is a man, and not an angel; and if, when you come together, you discover any thing in his humour or behaviour that is not altogether

ther so agreeable as you expect, pass it over as a human frailty ; smooth your brow ; compose your temper ; and try to amend it by chearfulness and good nature.

Remember always, that whatever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be charged to the account of matrimony, but to the accidents, and infirmities of human life ;—a burthen that each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed ; therefore, instead of murmurs, reflections, and disagreement, whereby the weight is rendered abundantly more grievous, readily put your shoulder to the yoke, and make it easier to both.

Resolve, every morning, to be good natured and chearful that day ; and if any accident should happen to break that resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with every thing besides,—and especially with your husband.

Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it will ; but much rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risque a quarrel, or create a heart-burning, which it is impossible to know the end of.

Be assured, a woman's power, as well as happiness, has no other foundation but her husband's esteem and love, which, consequently, it is her undoubted interest, by all means possible, to preserve and increase. —Do you, therefore, study his temper, and command your own ; enjoy his satisfaction with him, share and soothe his cares, and with the utmost diligence, conceal his infirmities.

Read frequently, with due attention, the matrimonial service ; and take care, in doing so, not to overlook the word, OBEY.

In your prayers, be sure to add a clause for grace to make a good wife ; and at the same time resolve to do your utmost endeavours towards it.

Always wear your wedding ring, for therein lies more virtue than is usually imagin'd ;—if you are ruffled unawares, assaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted in any kind against your duty, cast your eyes upon it, and call to mind who gave it you, where it was received, and what passed at that solemn time.

Let the tenderneſs of your conjugal love be expreſſed with ſuch decency, delicacy, decorum, and prudence, as that it may appear plainly and evidently diſtinct from the deſigning fondneſs of the harlot.

Have you any concern for your own eaſe, or for your huſband's eſteem ?—Then have a due regard to his income and circumſtances in all your expenſes and deſires ; for, if neceſſity ſhould follow, you run the greateſt hazard of being deprived of both.

Let not many days paſs together without a ſerious examination how you have behaved as a wife ; and if, upon ſerious reflection you find yourſelf guilty of any foibles or omiſſions, the beſt atonement is to be exactly careful of your future conduct.



RULES and MAXIMS

For promoting Matrimonial Happiness.

Addressed to the Male Sex in general, whether
Widowers, Husbands, or Batchelors.

AS man was appointed by God, to be lord of the creation, he should govern with a gentle sway, and not act the part of a tyrant to his wife, children, or servants; for he who resolves to be feared cannot expect to be loved.

As the woman is deemed the weaker vessel, the man should give grains of allowance for her frailties; and, if she should appear to him, from a mistaken notion, to be too warm in a wrong cause, add not fuel to the fire, by a spirit of contradiction, but let her passions subside before you attempt to convince her of her error, and then do it with coolness and deliberation.

Let the husband give his company to his wife at his meals, and other times, as often as his business will permit, and consult her upon all necessary occasions, as his real friend;—by observing such a conduct, he will be better enabled to go through the various incidents of human life, and greatly lessen his cares and anxieties.

Whether his wife be in sickness or in health, remember it is his duty to *love* and to *cherish* her, even though she may not answer his most sanguine expect-

tations ; and this done, no doubt will remain, but she will chearfully *obey* so endearing a husband.

In a word, the likeliest way for a man to obtain a good wife, or keep one so, is to be good himself.



Advice on the Choice of a Wife.

IF you my friend would have a wife,
To chear the gloomy hours of life,
And give you constant pleasure ;
The following useful maxims mind,
And you in time may hope to find,
This dear, delightful treasure.

First look for one that's young and fair,
With countenance devoid of care,
And foolish affectation ;
Not one, whose face displays a gloom,
Will make you angry with your doom,
And give you sad vexation.

Be not, like common lovers, blind,
But all her words and actions mind,
And judge of them sincerely ;
For if you form your choice at once,
And she should prove a slut or dunce,
You will repent severely.

Let solid sense, her mind inform,
Let gentle love her bosom warm,
Yes, let her love you truly ;

Let

Let her be void of foolish pride,
Let modesty, her actions guide,
Or else, she'll prove unruly.

Her temper should be all serene,
Free from extreams of mirth, and spleen,
With no wild flights incumber'd;
For, one that now is mad with joy,
Then sad, or fullen, will destroy,
Your peace, with pangs unnumber'd.

Watch how her leisure hours she spends,
And if with wise and virtuous friends,
In chearful conversation;
If at due times th' instructive page,
In search of truth her thoughts engage,
She has my approbation.

When you can meet with such a one,
As I've pourtray'd, make her your own,
Of whatsoe'er condition;
No wealth or honours then you'll need,
To real bliss they seldom lead,
And but increase ambition.



Epitaph on Mr. William Hogarth,

The late celebrated Painter.

FAREWELL great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And thro' the eye correct the heart.

If thou hast genius, reader, stay,
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.



A Boston Epigram.—Wrote in 1774.

To the Ministry.

YOU'VE sent a rod to Massachusset,
Thinking th' American's will buse it;
But much I fear for Britain's sake,
That this same rod will prove a snake.



The Freethinker's Faith.

A 'Squire born, a templar bred,
The bible I have never read;
Your bishops, down from Paul to Grindal,
Are asses all to Hobbes and Tindal;
Tolands and Woolston's words are better,
Than any testimonial letter;
My reason to my will subsides,
And then my passions are my guides,

Let Conybeare or Sherlock write,
With Leland for the gospel light;

Let

Let *Wesley*, *Venn*, and all that crew,
 From bible old, and bible new,
 With hallelujah's songs of praise,
 Pretend to prove, we're fav'd by grace.

Such books as theirs, I never handle,
 The law of nature is my candle ;
 The just result of fair freethinking,
 The law of whoring, eating, drinking,
 The law which most my temper suits,
 I claim in common with the brutes ;
 True British liberty in my sense,
 Is but another word for licence ;
 For though the clergy would corrupt us,
 Post mortem nulla est voluptas.
 And with this thought my heart I cherish,
 Proud man is like the beasts that perish.



Character of a Country Justice.

THRO' these fair vallies stranger hast thou stray'd
 By any chance to visit *Harewood's* shade,
 And seen with honest antiquated air,
 In the plain hall the magistratual chair ?
 There *Herbert* sat, the love of human kind,
 Pure light of truth, and temperance of mind ;
 In the free eye the featur'd soul display'd,
 Honour's strong beam, and mercy's melting shade ;
 Justice that in the rigid paths of law,
 Wou'd still some drops from pity's fountain draw ;
 Bend o'er her urn, with many a generous fear,
 Ere his firm zeal should force one orphan's tear ;

Fair equity, and reason, scorning art,
 And all the sober virtues of the heart ;
 These fate with *Herbert* these shall best avail,
 Where statutes order, or where statutes fail.

Be this, ye rural magistrates your plan,
 Firm be your justice, but be friends to man.



E P I T A P H,

*On Mr. Thomas Hammond, a Parish Clerk, a
 good Man, and an excellent Back-Gammon Player ;
 was succeeded in his Office by a Mr. Trice.*

BY the chance of the die,
 On his *back* here doth lie,
 Our most audible clerk, Master Hammond ;
 Tho' he *bore many men*,
 'Till three score and ten,
 Yet, at length, he by death, is *back-gammon'd*;

But hark ! neighbours hark !
 Here again, comes the clerk ;
 By a *hit* very lucky and nice ;
 With death we're now even,
 He just stept to heaven,
 And is with us again in a **TRICE**.

In Praise of Good Liquor.

THE ancient sages boldly speak,
In praise of Adam's ale ;
But all their praise to me seem weak,
So none will e'er prevail.

My joys all center in a bowl,
Well fill'd with saucy grog :
And when 'tis out, I loudly bawl,
" Come, fill it up, you dog."

My lazy hours I freely spend,
Without one grain of sense ;
I crack a joke with ev'ry friend,
And thus, I use my pence.

C H R I S T M A S.

HAIL social season ! cries the man of mirth ;
Hail happy night that gave the Saviour birth.
Gone my glooms ! flee winking care, and toil,
Let rosy joys our loitering hours beguile !

Soft, soft my friend ; come, weigh this query well,
Should Christ descend again on earth to dwell,
Would he vouchsafe to grace the midnight feast,
Where reason's drown'd, and man transform'd to beast?
On

On MATRIMONY.

An Epigram.

TOM prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state,
For binding fast himself, and KATE,
In union so divine ;
" Wedlock's the end of life," he cry'd,
" Too true alas" say'd Jack, and sigh'd,
" 'Twill be the end of mine."

The Hard Winter

FROM the drear regions of the north,
(Old winter's wide domain ;)
The snow-clad army issues forth,
And claims a southern reign.

On the sharp winds, it drives its way,
And cuts with keenest flight ;
Deforms the beauty of the day,
But brightens all the night.

The biting frost attendant runs,
With desolating power ;
Defies the force of southern suns
And binds the floating shower.

Keen, from the east, a bitter blast,
 With rank destruction drives ;
 While on the spot on which 'tis cast,
 Depend a thousand lives.

Combining force of adverse winds
 The snow-built mountains pile ;
 Half frozen crawl the village hinds,
 And look, and doubt the while.

To his poor cot, with cautious tread,
 The shivering peasant flies ;
 In rapture seeks his humble bed,
 And lifts his grateful eyes.

The frost-bound rivers bear the weight,
 Of many a vent'rous elf ;
 Let each, who crouds to see them skate,
 Be careful for himself.

For, like the world, deceitful ice,
 Who trusts it, makes them rue ;
 'Tis slippery, as the paths of vice,
 And quite as faithless too.

'Tis virtue, which alone can charm,
 In winter's gloomy hour ;
 The rigour of its frost disarm,
 And soften all its power.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

The T H A W.

NATURE dissolves in friendly tears,
 And drops her blessings deep ;
 The hearts of mortals, too, she cheers,
 Who laugh to see her weep.

While

While miser-like she steel'd her breast,
To teach impressiv power ;
She robb'd us of our wonted rest,
And froze the mid-night hour.

Not luxury, with all her charms,
Nor riot with its glee ;
Could 'scape her close surrounding arms,
—But ah ! poor penury !

Poor penury !—'twas thine alone,
To feel her bitterest bite ;
While starving through the day alone,
And perishing at night.

But then, (and gracious heav'n be prais'd,)
Her deputies she sent ;
The deep-sunk eye of misery rais'd,
While hunger smil'd content.

Now, kinder gales their influence shed,
And milder breezes blow ;
The earth resigns her fleecy bed,
And triumphs o'er the snow.

So shall beneficence extend,
Her long continued sway ;
Her charms, eternal as their end,
Shall gain eternal day.

When " cloud capt towers" shall sink in dust,
And " solemn temples" fall ;
The God of all the good and just,
Shall patronize them all.



On T R E A S O N.

TREASON doth never prosper, what's the reason?
 Why, when it prospers, none dare call it
 TREASON.



R E L I G I O N.

RELIGION is a generous lively flame,
 That brightens, not deforms, the human frame ;
 In the close covert of the heart it lies,
 Blooms there, nor sternly threatens in the eyes ;
 An unaffected ease its actions grace,
 Known by the motions of the soul, not face ;
 No sour restraint, no forc'd concern it wears,
 No bidden sighs, nor ostentatious fears ;
 No self-applauding shrugs, no censure, strife,
 No spleen at all the blameless joys of life ;
 As wide from this are virtue's native charms,
 As settled courage from confus'd alarms ;
 As solid reason's calm considerate train,
 From the wild frenzies of distemper'd brain.

EASTER.



E A S T E R.

THE gracious Saviour bow'd his head,
And drew his parting breath ;
The spotless martyr vanquish sin,
And dy'd to conquer death.

Three days—so high behests ordain'd,
Death triumph'd o'er his prize ;—
The hour of grace at length arriv'd,
BEHOLD, the conqueror rise.

As at this glorious time he rose,
And wing'd to heav'n his flight ;
For endless ages there to sit
Enthron'd in realms of light.

Vast was the grace that gave to death,
Th' appointed son of God ;
That bid the Saviour feel for us,
The keen, th' avenging rod.

With every grateful thought inspir'd,
Devotely let us raise ;
Our humble voice to mercy's throne,
In never ceasing praise.

Nor is this all—the grateful life,
Should speak the thankful mind ;
While deeds of never ending good,
Proclaim that God is kind.



The Extent of Cookery.

WHEN Polly first was sent to town,
She wore a plain round cap ;
And flowing locks of darkish brown,
Hung graceful down her back.

But when to balls or plays she hy'd,
By London Ladies led ;
Her locks were rent, horse hair supply'd
The place upon her head.

The plain round cap was cast away,
A roll plac'd on her brow ;
Long lappets hung behind so gay,
Quite a-la-mode she's now.

No more she'll of the country talk,
But's quite a lady gay ;
Each day she to the park will walk,
At evening to the play.

Of graceful lock she craves no aid,
Curl'd horse hair most avails ;
Good Lord ! 'tis strange, that ladies heads
Are one half, horses tails.



An Epitaph in Newington Church, Oxfordshire,

On Henry Dunch, Esq.

By *EDMOND WALLER.*

And not inserted in any of his Works.

HERE lies the prop and glory of his race,
 Who, that no time his mem'ry may deface,
 His grateful wife, under this speaking stone,
 His ashes hid, to make his merit known ;
 Sprung from an opulent and worthy line,
 Whose well us'd fortune made their virtues shine ;
 A rich example his fair life did give,
 How others shou'd with their relations live ;
 A pious son, a husband, and a friend,
 To neighbours too his bounty did extend ;
 So far, that they lamented when he dy'd,
 As if all to him had been near ally'd ;
 His curious youth did men and manners know,
 Which made him to the southern nations go ;
 Nearer the sun, though they more civil seem,
 Revenge and luxury have their esteem ;
 Which well observing he return'd with more
 Value for England than he had before ;
 Her true religion, and her statutes too,
 He practis'd, and gave to each their due ?
 And the whole country griev'd for their ill fate,
 To lose so good, so just a magistrate ;
 To shed a tear my readers be inclin'd,
 And pray for one he only left behind ;
 Till she who does inherit his estate,
 May virtue love like him, and vices hate.

EDMOND WALLER.

On Playing at the Game of Piquet.

A Remarkable Anecdote.

IT happen'd at TUNBRIDGE WELLS, that two gamesters by profession, the one a GERMAN, who call'd himself COUNT, and the other a CREOLIAN, sat down to play at PIQUET; and after they had played eight hours, the games were equal; when they at last resolv'd to play the conquering game for five hundred guineas. The COUNT, who in the beginning of the game had been pretty fortunate, was youngest. He wanted but one point of the game, and the CREOLE about forty.—The CREOLE had in his hand three kings, and had discarded the fourth. He counted his game as it really was, and named only three kings; but finding that he must lose the game unless he could *capott* his adversary, in the middle of the hand, he pretended to forget how much he had counted; he took up his cards and reckoned his game anew, and in this recapitulation, without hesitating reckon'd FOURTEEN kings. The COUNT surpriz'd, stopp'd him in his calculation, and remarked his having mentioned but three kings at first. The CREOLE insisted upon the truth of his second account as strongly as the COUNT deny'd it, who asserted that he ought to abide by his first call. The dispute grew warm, and the COUNT appeal'd to the company; the CREOLE flew into a passion, and offered to lay fifty guineas to spur on his adversary, and decoy him into the snare he laid for him; the COUNT agreed to it, and both refer'd to the judgment of the company. The spectators at first declin'd

clin'd it, as they discern'd the intended deceit ; yet as it was evident that the CREOLE had no more than the three kings, which he reckon'd at first, and as the question regarded only the latter calculation, the spectators, at length, gave it against the CREOLE, without daring to explain the mystery of the wager, and he lost the fifty guineas. The COUNT transported and deceiv'd by the wager, firmly believed that his antagonist had the four kings ; concluding that otherwise he would not have risked fifty guineas. He play'd according to that supposition, relying upon an ace in his hand, which was sufficient to gain the one point he wanted ; and in imagination he joined the five hundred guineas to the fifty he had won.—The hand was play'd out, and the poor COUNT seeing himself shamefully capotted at last, asked the CREOLE where the fourth king was, they told you, says the CREOLE, that I reckon'd but three, and it cost me fifty guineas to make you believe I had four. “ What ! would you win the wager and the game “ too—that would be too much.”—The poor COUNT storm'd, and swore. The CREOLE push'd back his chair, rose up and walk'd off in triumph and satisfaction from a juggle which every body did not equally approve.



To CONTENTMENT.

BRIGHT source of bliss ! whose cheering rays
 inspire
 My tender muse, and tune my trembling lyre,
 Accept, benign, this tributary lay,
 The sole return the grateful muse can pay.

With

With thee, the poor who treads th' eternal snows
 And dreary wild of northern Lapland, glows
 With rapt'rous joys ; although the sun denies
 His genial influence, and forsakes the skies,
 Thy presence can his frozen bosom cheer,
 And make the gloom, a pleasing aspect wear ;
 Whilst tasteless grandeur and unbounded power
 Are void of charms to soothe the pensive hour ;
 Tho' fortune smiles, her fav'rite sons complain,
 And pleasure tries her varied arts in vain,
 To chase intruding cares, if thou deny
 Thine heavenly aid, not India's stores supply
 Our fancy'd wants, we're poor 'midst heaps of wealth,
 We starve in plenty, and repine in health.

Tho' shunning oft the pageanty of state,
 Thou seeks with poverty, a calm retreat ;
 And oft beneath the hermit's moss-grown cell,
 Far from the busy world delights to dwell ;
 Thou can'st the rugged path of greatness smooth,
 Soften distress, or real anguish soothe.
 With thee, true bliss in every sphere we find,
 Alike are blest, the hero or the hind ;
 Like joys attend the helm of state or plow,
 The monarch's crown sits easy on his brow,
 The captive slave forgets his galling pains,
 Exalts in bondage, and enjoys his chains ;
 Not so the wretch deny'd thy cheering ray,
 Sullen he mourns the joyless tedious day ;
 Incessant ills assault his forming eyes,
 And round, imaginary horrors rise.

So when the glorious ruler of the day,
 Whose cheerful presence makes all nature gay,
 From lofty cancer darts his noontide beam,
 Less then the life our shorten'd shadows seem ;
 But when at eve the solar rays descend,
 With parting light the stalking shades extend ;
 Till darkness spreads her sable pinions wide,
 And o'er the green the fear-form'd spectres glide.

As thro' this life's uncertain course I steer,
 Celestial maid ! in every varying sphere
 Vouchsafe thine aid ; or, if I swiftly glide
 Down the smooth stream, or struggling, stem the tide ;
 If prosp'rous gales shall fill my swelling sail,
 Or adverse winds and raging storms assail
 My little bark, of every wave the sport,
 Be thou my guide, and teach me to support
 With ease and modesty the pomp of state,
 Or meet, unmov'd, the harsh decrees of fate.



The Hermit and Pilgrim.

TURN gentle Hermit of the dale.
 And guide my lonely way ;
 To where yon tapercheers the day,
 With hospitable ray.

For, here, forlorn, and lost I tread,
 With fainting steps and slow ;
 Where wilds unmeasurably spread,
 Seem length'ning as they go.

Forbear my son, the Hermit cries,
 To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
 For yonder phantome only flies,
 To lure thee to thy doom.

Here, to the houseless child of want,
 My door is open still ;
 And though my portion is but scant,
 I give it with good will.

Then

Then turn to night, and freely share,
 Whate'er my cell bestows ;
 My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
 My blessing, and repose.

No flocks, that range the valley free,
 To slaughter I condemn ;
 Taught by that power that pities me.
 I learn to pity them.

But from the mountains glassy side
 A guiltless feast I bring ;
 A scrip with herbs and fruit supply'd,
 And, water from the spring.

Then Pilgrim turn, thy cares foregoe,
 For earthborn cares are wrong ;
 Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little, long.

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
 His gentle accents fell ;
 The grateful stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far shelter'd in a glade obscure,
 The modest mansion lay ;
 A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
 And strangers, led astray.

No stores within its humble thatch,
 Requir'd a master's care ;
 The door just op'ning with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when worldly crouds retire,
 To revel, or to rest ;
 The Hermit trim'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest,

And

And spread his vegetable store
 And gayly prest, and smil'd ;
 And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth,
 Its tricks, the kitten tries ;
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To sooth the stranger's woe ;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares, the Hermit 'spy'd,
 With answering care oppress'd ;
 And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,
 The sorrows of thy breast ?

From better habitation's spurn'd,
 Reluctant dost thou rove ;
 Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 Or unregarded love ?

Alas ! the joys that fortune gives,
 Are trifling, and decay ;
 And those who prize the paltry things,
 More trifling are, than they.

And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep ;
 A shade, that follows wealth or fame,
 But leave the wretch to weep.

And love is still an emptier sound,
 The haughty fair one's jest ;
 On earth, unseen, and only found,
 To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame fond youth ! thy sorrows hush,
 And spurn the sex, he said ;
 But while he spoke, a rising blush,
 The bashful guest betray'd.

The Hermit sees such beauties rise,
 Expanding to the view ;
 Like clouds that deck the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient, too.

Her looks, her lips, her panting breast,
 Alternate spread alarms ;
 The lovely stranger stands confess'd,
 A maid in all her charms.

And ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
 A wretch forlorn she cry'd ;
 Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude,
 Where heav'n and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
 Whom love has taught to stray ;
 Who seeks for rest, but finds despair,
 Companion of her way.

My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
 A wealthy Lord was he ;
 And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
 He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
 Unnumber'd suitors came ;
 Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
 And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each morn, the gay fantastic croud,
 With richest proffers strove ;
 Among the rest, young EDWIN bow'd,
 But never talk'd of love.

In humble, simplest habit clad,
 Nor wealth, nor pow'r had he ;
 A constant heart was all he had,
 But that was all to me.

The blossom opening to the day,
 By dews of heav'n refin'd ;
 Could nought of purity display,
 To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossom on the tree,
 With charms inconstant shine ;
 Their charms were his, but woe to me,
 Their constancy was mine.

For, still I try'd each fickle art,
 Importunate and vain ;
 And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 I triumph'd in his pain.

Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 He left me to my pride ;
 And sought a solitude forlorn,
 In secret, where he dy'd.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 And well my life shall pay ;
 I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
 I'll lay me down and die ;
 'Twas so, for me, that EDWIN did,
 And so, for him will I.

Thou shalt not thus, the Hermit cry'd,
 And clasp'd her to his breast ;
 The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide,
 'Twas EDWIN's self that prest.

Turn

Turn ANGELINA ever dear,
 My charmer, turn to see ;
 Thy own, thy long lost EDWIN here,
 Restor'd to love, and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 And ev'ry care resign ;
 And shall we never, never part,
 O thou ! — my all that's mine.

No never from this hour to part,
 We'll live, and love so true ;
 The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 Shall break thy EDWIN's too.



The BROWN JUG ;

Or, Toby reduc'd.

DEAR Tom this brown jug, that now foams
 with mild ale,
 in which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
 As once Toby Fillpots a thirsty old soul,
 se'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl ;
 boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
 and among jolly toppers he bore off the bell ;
 chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
 his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please ;
 with a friend, and a pipe, puffing sorrows away,
 and soaking with honest old stingo, his clay ;
 as breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 and he dy'd full as big as a Dorchester butt ;

His body, when long in the ground it was lain,
 And time into clay had reduc'd it again,
 A potter found out, in its covert so snug,
 And, with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,
 Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.



E P I T A P H,

By a Gentleman to the Memory of his Lady.

FAREWELL, my best lov'd, whose heav'nly
 mind,
 Genius and virtue, strength with softness join'd ;
 Devotion undebas'd by pride or art,
 With meek simplicity, and joy of heart ;
 Tho' sprightly, gentle ; tho' polite, sincere,
 And only of thyself a judge severe ;
 Unblam'd, unequal'd in each sphere of life,
 The tenderest daughter, sister, parent, wife ;
 In thee, their patroness, th' afflicted lost ;
 Thy friends, their patron, ornament, and boast ;
 And I—but ah ! can words my loss, declare,
 Or paint th' extremes of transport and despair ;
 O thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,
 My guide, my friend, my best lov'd, farewell !



On the Love of JESUS.

By a Lady.

I'LL carve thy passion on the bark,
And every wounded tree,
Shall droop and bear some mystic mark,
That Jesus dy'd for me.

The swains shall wonder when they read,
Inscrib'd thro' all the grove ;
That heav'n itself came down and bled,
To win a mortal's love.

Come Lord, and never from me go,
This world's a darksome place ;
I find no pleasure here below,
When thou dost veil thy face.



The LORD's PRAYER,

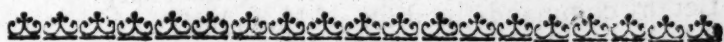
Paraphrastically versified,

By Mr. T. LONG.

BE pleas'd among thy blest elect to gather
Our souls unto thyself, great God !—*our Father,*
All thanks and praise shall be for ever given
To our great God, the God—*which art in Heaven,*

Thy goodness made and governs the whole frame
 Of beings, therefore—*hallowed be thy Name* ;
 Let sin no longer separate us from
 Thy grace, but speedily—*thy Kingdom come*,
 Let thy commands be disobey'd by none,
 But thy good pleasure, and—*thy will be done*,
 And let our promptness to obey be even
 The very same —*in Earth, as it is in Heaven*.
 For present life's support, O Lord, we pray
 To thy good providence,—*give us this Day*
 The food wherewith thy children's souls are fed,
 Our bodies raiment, and—*our daily Bread*,
 From sense of guilt, Oh ! graciously relieve us,
 Pity our human frailties,—*and forgive us*
 Whatever we have done, which may displease
 Thy sacred Majesty—*our Trespases*,
 And for as much, O Lord, as we believe
 That thou wilt pardon us,—*as we forgive*,
 Make us forgive, however numerous,
 The faults of—*them that trespass against us*.
 Whatever schemes our enemy may plot
 Against our souls, defeat,—*and lead us not*
 To trials, which may hazard our Salvation,
 To satan's buffetings,—*into Temptation*.
 Let not the soul of any true believer
 Fall in the time of trial,—*but deliver*,
 Yea, save us from our enemy, the devil,
 And, both in life and death, keep,—*us from Evil*
 These blessings crave we, Lord, of thee, from whom
 They may be had,—*for thine is the kingdom*,
 The world is of thy works the wond'rous story,
 Thine both is—*and the Power and the Glory*,
 The throne of righteous judgment, which shall never
 Know end, but stand — *for ever and for ever*.
 Thus prays the church, now militant, O when !
 Shall we in heaven, triumphant say,—AMEN.

An Invitation



An INVITATION

To take a Morning's Walk.

AURORA's roseat bloom the morning gilds,
 And boundless beauty paints the verdant fields;
 With sweetest notes the warbling larks arise,
 To welcome infant day, and greet the skies;
 The rural scenes their prospects wide extend,
 And gales ambrosial cheer the muses friend;
 Tir'd of gay trifles, lost to empty strife,
 To all the pomp, and all the toils of life;
 How sweet to range thro' meads, and verdant groves,
 Where amorous turtles coo their faithful loves;
 Where Zephyrs breathe, and all around dispense
 Effluvia's sweet, so pleasing to the sense;
 Here nature's face so various and so gay,
 The deity's great wisdom must display;
 While the heart swells with love, is big with joys,
 And praise alone the grateful thought employs;
 Come, Lucia, come, dear tender beauteous fair,
 Each prospect shines more bright when thou art here;
 See! rosy health inhabits every field,
 Then taste the bliss that innocence can yield;
 See like a beauteous bride the earth appears,
 With fruits and flow'rs, a chearful aspect wears;
 No longer then delay, enjoy the prime,
 Come, fairest, walk with me, be ever mine!



Found in a Country Church Yard.

I—N—t—H—I—s—L—oW—gR—
 Av—Ebe—nE—A—tHT—H—I—
 ftur—Fof—G—R—a—S—Sly—Efm—
 Un—G—O'—S—M—art—AS—Tub—
 Born—S—Tup—I—d—As—S—S—
 M—art—W—a—SH—is—n—Am—
 —Eb—
 —ut—No—T—S—mar—This—NAT—
 —ures—C—A—r—C—E—E—V—er—
 Mo—R—Ta—LD—i—DS—e—ES—
 uc—HA—C—Rea—Tu—RE—YE—
 the—RE—HEL—Yes—A—nds—
 U—RET—Ha—tish—O!—Wo!—
 —N—D—E—
 —RF—OR—A—L—LH—
 i—S—L—if—Ew,—AS—
 No—TH—in—G—B—U—
 —tab,—L—UN—D—ERH—I—
 —fd—U—fl—YES—HE—
 —re'm—ON—GO—the—R—
 Per—SON—fmi—X—Tan—
 —D—ToT—Hed—A—YO—F—
 —DO—omh—ISS—Ou—
 Lis—OM—ew—HE—R—
 —EF—I—X—'dt.—Hen—W—
 —how—OV—Ld—Wee—PF—
 —OR—fu—CHA—Nas—Salt—
 His—For—S—U—re—NOE—
 AR—th—LYC—R—eat—
 URE—w—ILL—Hi—
 MM.—IsS.

A Paradoxical



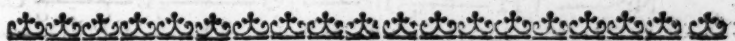
A Paradoxical Epitaph.

NOT born, not dead, not christ'n'd, not begot,
 Lo ! here she lies, that was, and that was not ;
 She was born, baptiz'd, is dead, and what is more,
 Was in her life, not honest, nor a whore ;
 Reader, behold ! a wonder rarely wrote,
 And while thou seems to read, thou readest not.



On D E A T H.

IF death doth come, as soon as, breath departs
 Then he must often die, who often farts ;
 And if to die, is but to lose one's breath,
 Then death's a fart, and so a fart for death.



A Scotch Proclamation of a Fair.

OYes ! and that's ya' time O yes ! and that's twa
 times ; O yes ! and that's theird, and last time.

All manner of pearson, and pearsons whatsoever,
 let 'um draw near, and I shall let them kenn, that
 their is a fair to be held, at the muckle town, of
 LANGHOLM, for the space of aught days ; wherein,

if any hunstrun, custrun, landlouper, dubscouper, or gang thee gate swinger, shall bread any rabblement, or squabblement ; he shall have his lugs, tacked to the muckle trone, with a nail of twa' a penny, until he down of his hobshanks, and up with his muckle doaps, and pray to hea'n, neen times ; God bless the King, and thrice the muckle Lord of REL-
TON, paying a groate to me JEMMY FERGUSON, Bailie of the aforesaid mannor. So you have heerd my proclamation ; and I'll haam to my dinner.



A whimsical Attorney's Bill.

A Bill of charges, justly due,
From A. B. C. to S. T. U.

	£.	s.	d.
Attending for instructions, when, Your honour bid me call again.	}	0	6 : 8
The like attendance (time the second)	}	0	6 : 8
Which, as before, is fairly reckon'd.	}	0	6 : 8
Taking instructions, given to me, For drawing up, your pedigree.	}	0	6 : 8
Perusing said instructions to, Consider, whether right or no.	}	0	6 : 8
You form the scale in just perfection, I therefore only charge inspection.	}	0	6 : 8
Drawing up pedigree complete, Fair copy (closely wrote) one sheet.	}	0	6 : 8
Attending to examine same, And adding Tom to William's name.	}	0	6 : 8
Addendum of Sir Darcy's birth ;	-	0	6 : 8
Paid porters, coach-hire and so forth.	-	0	5 : 6
Fair copy of this bill of cost,	- -	0	2 : 0
Another, for the first was lost ;	- -	0	2 : 0
Advice,			

Advice, time, trouble, and my care, } 1 : 1 : 0
 In settling this perplex'd affair. }
 Writing receipt at foot of bill ; - 0 : 3 : 4
 My clerk—but give him what you will

£.4 : 7 : 2

Receiv'd of A. B. C. aforesaid,
 The full contents, what can be more said.

S. T. U.

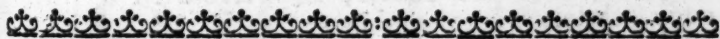


*An Inscription upon the Session's House, at Spittle
 in Lincolnshire.*

HÆCCE domus dat, amat, punit, conservat,
 honorat,
 Æquitiam, pacem, crimina, jura, bonos. 1620.

In English thus versified.

This court does right, loves peace, preserves the laws,
 Detects the wrong, rewards the righteous cause.



Tom Bedlam's Sentiments on Marriage.

ONCE a madman was asked, if a wife he had ?
 A wife ! quoth he,—no !—I'm not quite so mad.

Written



Written on a Window at Falmouth.

I Have seen the specious vain Frenchman, the truck-
ing scrub Dutchman, the tame lost Dane, the
sturdy self-righted Swede, the barbarous Rus, the
turbulent Pole, the honest dull German, the pay-
fighting Swiss, the subtle splendid Italian, the
falacious Turk, the ever-warring lounging Maltese,
the piratical Moor, the proud cruel Spaniard, the
bigotted base Portuguese; all their countries: and
hail again old England! my native land.

Reader, whether Englishman, Scotchman, or Irish-
man, rejoice in the freedom that is the felicity of thy
own country, and maintain it sacred to posterity.



*A remarkable Advertisement pasted on one of the
Posts of a Coffee-House, and wrote in a fair
Law Hand.*

WANTED a clerk to an eminent Attorney;
in great practice; he must be a master of
common law, in its several branches; understand
conveyancing; and know something about court
keeping; he must be likewise skill'd in chancery
business; no objection to him, though he knows
latin; no objection to any thing, but a Scotchman,
or

or a Yorkshireman ; he must bear confinement, and brush his master's coat ; as to the shoes, he will never be desired to do them, except, when the foot-boy is out of the way ; such a person, by applying at the bar, may hear of a good place.

N. B. If he understands the management of horses, so much the better ; and as there are no daughters in the family, no objection to a genteel young man.



*A true Copy of a Painter's Bill at Cirencester,
delivered to the Church-Wardens of an ad-
joining Parish.*

MR. CHARLES FEREBEE (Churchwarden of
Siddlington) to JOSEPH COOKE, Dr.

	£. s. d.
To mending the commandments, alter-	
ing the belief, and making a new	}
Lord's prayer	
	1 : 1 : 0



On Mr. Wood, Dyer at Leeds.

MY waistcoate I sent to the dyer,
He said he was ill,—I must stay ;
Sure no one can call him a liar,
For he dy—ed himself, the next day.
A PROLOGUE,



A PROLOGUE,

*Writ and spoken by Mr. Woodward, on his first
Appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, in the
Character of Marplot, after having been Manager
at Dublin, four Years.*

BEHOLD! the prodigal—return'd—quite tame—
And (tho' you'll hardly think it) full of shame;
Asham'd! so long, to have left my patrons here,—
On random schemes the Lord knows what, & where?
With piteous face, (long stranger to a grin)
Receive the penitent—and let him in!
Forgive his errors—ope the friendly door,
And then he's * yours, and § yours, and ‡ yours, as
heretofore;
“Ye Gods, what havock does ambition make!”
Ambition! drove me to the grand mistake!
Ambition! made me mad enough to roam—
But now I feel (with joy) that home, is home;
Faith, they put powder in my drink d'ye see,
Or else, by Pharaoh's foot, it cou'd not be!
Be like, Queen Mab touch'd me, at full o'th moon,
With a field marshal's—manager's battoon;
And so I dream't of riches—honour—pow'r—
'Twas but a dream tho'—and that dream is o'er,—
How happy now, I walk my native ground!
Above,—below—nay faith! all round and round;
I guess some pleasures, in your bosoms burn,
To see the prodigal, poor son return.
Perhaps, I'm vain tho'—and the case mistake,
No—no—yes—yes, for old acquaintance sake,

Some

* Pit—§ Box—‡ Gallery.

Some generous hospitable smiles you'll send,
 Besides, I own my faults, and mean to mend ;
 They ring*—how sweetly that salutes my ears.
 After an absence of four tedious years ;
 MARPLOT to night—so says the bill of fare,†
 Now waits your pleasure, with his usual air,
 Oh ! may I act my part still o'er and o'er,
 But never be the BUSY BODY more.

* The Warning Bell rings.

† Pointing to a Play Bill.



An E P I T A P H,

*On the Death of a favourite Parrot, that was found
 in a necessary House.*

HERE, safe lies interr'd, the remains of a bird ;
 Who submits to all conquering fate ;
 Whose master took care, to teach it to swear,
 As his mistress had taught it to prate.

If complaint should be made, of the place where
 he's laid,
 Poor Betty is only in fault ;
 Poor Betty to save, th' expence of a grave,
 Thought proper to chuse it a vault.

To preserve it dear fame, for time without name,
 His mistress still kinder and kinder ;
 Declar'd with a tear, she'd never come here,
 Without leaving something behind her.

On



On being presented with an Apple by a young Lady.

AN apple caus'd our present state,
And by inevitable fate,
Condemn'd us all to die ;
But if that apple was so fine,
And came from such a hand as thine,
Who from its charms cou'd fly ?

How can I then old Adam blame,
Who surely wou'd have done the same,
Had you the apple given ?
I should, like him, without dispute,
Have eaten the forbidden fruit,
And lost, for you, a heav'n.



To a L A D Y at B A T H,

Wrote Extempore in the Pump-Room.

By the late HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

SOON, shall those bounteous springs, thy wish
bestow,
Soon, in each feature, sprightly health shall glow ;
Thy eyes regain their fire, thy limbs their grace,
And roses join the lillies in thy face ;
But say, sweet maid, what waters can remove,
The pangs of cold despair, or hopeless love ?

The

The deadly star, which lights th' autumnal skies;
 Shines not so bright, so fatal to those eyes !
 The pains, which, from their influence, we endure,
 Not Fothergill or Pringle's art, can cure.



Written at Sea.

NO more in error's path I'll stray,
 Nor wanton in the deathful way,
 That leads the soul to hell ;
 I hear, O God, I hear thy call,
 And thy unbounded mercies all
 My days to come shall tell.
 To thee, I'll heave the frequent sigh,
 To thee, I'll lift the streaming eye ;
 O ! while I pour the briny tear,
 Accept my penitence sincere !

While storms and tempests rage around,
 And not a human heart is found
 Devoid of fear and dread ;
 'Tis thine to bid the sea be still :
 Thou speak'st, and at thy mighty will,
 Lo ! every danger's fled.
 Then morning, noon, and night, I'll praise
 Thy name in never ceasing lays,
 And tell how gracious thou hast been,
 In saving thus the child of sin.

From thee my soul shall never swerve,
 And, O ! do thou the life preserve
 Which first thyself bestow'd ;

Put

Put far away my crimes, good Lord,
Nor let me, trusting in thy word,
 Sink down beneath the load.
Stretch out thy all protecting hand,
To guard me, both by sea and land ;
And as thou brought'st me from the womb,
Conduct me spotless to the tomb.



*Lines, sent to a Young Lady, with a Silver Ring,
to wear as an Antileptic.*

IF ever ring possess'd a charm,
The ills of nature to disarm,
And shield its wearer from all harm,
May this ONE prove propitious !

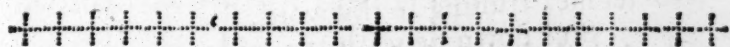
Let her, for whom it is design'd,
(The loveliest of the lovely kind)
Each added day, new pleasures find,
To crown her dearest wishes.



*Found in the Pocket Book of a Young Gentleman
who put an End to his own Existence.*

THIS life is but an empty bubble,
The same dull round of care and trouble ;
Men believing, girls deceiving,
Wives intriguing, knaves inveighing,
O life ! I'm tired quite of thee,
Come, death, and give variety ?

Verses



*Verses by a Young Gentleman on presenting a Pair
of Scissars to a Lady, whom he after married.*

GO, polish'd engine, to my fair,
And, form her robes, with easy air,
As nature's handmaid dress'd;
Obedient move, as fancy draws,
O'er muslin or transparent gauze,
To shade her lovely breast.

Deem not, dear maid ! the gift unkind ;
By mutual love, our hearts entwin'd,
No scissars e'er can sever ;
Thy virtue pure, thy form divine,
Thy gentle goodness hold me thine,
For ever, and for ever.



A W H I M.

I'M pleas'd to please my friend, while she,
No less is pleas'd, in pleasing me ;
If pleasure, pleasing me is none,
I am not pleas'd, to please alone !
When pleasure is, by pleasure, met,
Pleas'd, pleasure, pleasure, will beget ;
If pleasure, lonely, wishing lies,
Displeas'd, it languishes and dies ;
When pleasure's gone (be pleas'd to say)
How long unpleas'd, will friendship stay ?

An



An O D E.

TO sing of Sylvia, lovely maid,
Requires no fabled muse's aid ;
Her charms can inspiration give,
And make her poet's numbers live.

Venus ! thy throne of beauty yield,
Nor dare dispute with her the field ;
Thou ne'er hadst won the golden prize,
Had Paris view'd my Sylvia's eyes.

In vain the graces would compare
With her for face, for shape, and air ;
In Pallas' self, alas ! we find
But a weak emblem of her mind.

The crimson blush that paints the skies
When all-enliv'ning morn shall rise ;
Is but a faint attempt to show,
The roses on her cheeks that glow.

The lilly, pleasing to the sight,
May boast, indeed, its virgin white ;
But Sylvia's breasts much lovelier dawn,
Beneath their envious veil of lawn.

O Jove, and all ye pow'rs ! my pray'r
Accept, and make the maid your care ;
Day, after day, improve her charms,
Till time shall give her to my arms.



On FLORELLA.

HER blooming looks confess the Cyprian Queen;
 And coy Diana chastens all her mein;
 She speaks the goddess with the azure eyes;
 And, all the muses in her voice surprize;
 While in each awful motion is exprest,
 A Juno, in the zone of Venus drest.

On me, O love, the charming fair bestow,
 And I will ever at thy altars bow;
 To me, O pow'r rever'd, her heart incline,
 That I may call these heav'nly graces mine;
 Then each new fun, that wakes her brighter eyes,
 Shall see celestial charms, thy sacrifice.



A Receipt to be Happy.

HOW pleasant is it to behold on shore,
 The driving bark, and hear the billows roar!
 Not that I'm pleas'd with other men's distress,
 But glad to find, the load I bear is less;
 While all the fools, and more than half the wise,
 Are puzzled at the bugbear word, *Excise*;

Serene,

Serene, I live a private country mouse,
 Nor * Officers, nor coxcombs haunt my house ;
 While cringing candidates at ev'ry gate,
 Bow to the fools, and knaves, they scorn and hate ;
 While doubtful ministers th' exchequer drain,
 And count the heads of Parliament with pain ;
 How blest am I, in this my humbler sphere,
 Who nothing have to ask, or ought to fear.

You'll wonder now, my friend, and well you may,
 By all this doggrel what I mean to say ;
 Why, this I mean, and thus, my moral state,
 Those evils we complain of, we create ;
 Man persecutes himself with pains and care,
 Works his own woe, when providence wou'd spare ;
 'Tis avarice, 'tis pride, 'tis lust of power,
 Torments the wretch with many a joyless hour ;
 In vain we drudge, in vain we fondly roam,
 For, true content is only found at home ;
 In our own breast, the happy goddess lies,
 And freely grants her favours to the wife.

* Excise Officers.



By a L A D Y.

IF there's a man in heart and tongue sincere,
 To virtue faithful, and in judgment clear ;
 Gay without folly, learn'd without the shew,
 Unlike the sloven ; more unlike the beau ;
 Amidst whose manly features are exprest,
 The soft emotions of the tender breast ;
 To him, my freedom gladly I'd resign ;
 His joys, his sorrows, only shou'd be mine.

DAMON

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX-XXXX

DAMON and DELIA.

D A M O N.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why,
My kindest, fondest looks you fly ?
What means this cloud upon your brow ?
Have I offended ? tell me how ?
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there, has stol'n a part ;
Reason, these fears, may disapprove ;
But yet I fear, because I love.

D E L I A.

First, tell me, Damon, why to day,
At BELVIDERA's feet you lay ?
Why, with such warmth, her charms you prais'd,
And every trifling beauty rais'd ;
As, if you meant to let me see,
Your flattery is not all for me ?
Alas ! too well, your sex I knew,
Nor, was so weak to think you true.

D A M O N.

Unkind ! my falshood to upbraid,
When, your own orders I obey'd ;
You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide beneath another name,
The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

D E L I A.

Damon, your prudence, I confess,
 But let me wish, it had been less ;
 Too well the lover's part you play'd,
 With too much art, your court you made ;
 Had it been only art, your eyes
 Would not have join'd in the disguise.

D A M O N.

Ah ! cease thus idly to molest,
 With groundless fears thy virgin breast,
 While thus at fancy'd wrongs you grieve,
 To me, a real pain you give.

D E L I A.

Tho' well I might your truth distrust,
 My foolish heart believes you just ;
 Reason, this faith, may disapprove,
 But I believe, because I love.



Epitaph on LADY MOLESWORTH,

*Who was burnt to Death by a Fire which broke out
 in her Dwelling House, London, 6th May 1763.*

A Peerless matron, pride of female life,
 In ev'ry state, as widow, maid, or wife ;
 Who wedded to threescore, preserv'd her fame,
 She liv'd a Phoenix, and expir'd in flame.

ON



On *L O V E.*

HOW sweet a torment 'tis to love !
And ah ! how pleasant is the pain !
I wou'd not, if I cou'd, remove,
And now put off the amorous chain.

Tho' Kitty's eyes do give me laws,
And me of liberty beguile ;
I, like a Martyr, love my cause,
And on my fair tormentor smile.



The *C O N C L U S I O N.*

Being a Parody on Prior's Anacreon.

By the *EDITOR.*

LET 'em censure what care I ?
The herd of snarlers I defy ;
Let 'em bawl, and bounce, and huff ;
And call it all confounded stuff ;
Not caledonian poet, ALLAN
(Renowned RAMSAY, canty CALLAN ;)
Nor POPE, nor SWIFT, nor e'en MATT PRIOR ;
Cou'd 'scape the venom of their ire ;

Why then shou'd I my chance bewail ?
 Who traffic only by retail ;
 Ye grumbling curs, I'd have you know,
 This work is not compil'd for you.
 No, no, the virtuous, good, and kind,
 Are patrons model'd to my mind ;
 Join'd with the fair, the gay, the young,
 My muse's gladness, and her song ;
 As all, that they approve, is right,
 And all is sense, that they indite.

In virtue's cause, I've drawn my pen,
 All vicious foibles to condemn ;
 My chief design is reformation,
 And make each happy in his station ;
 To win mankind in pleasing dress,
 And morals on their minds impress ;
 And show, by vice example's road,
 The way to goodness, and to God ;
 The rake, the fop, the debauchee,
 As in a mirror, here may see,
 How bad they are, how good they ought to be. }

If these, my first efforts, the public please,
 My point is gain'd—I'll sit me down at ease ;
 Regardless what the surly pedants say,
 CANDOUR's my judge—his sentence I'll obey ;
 'Tis from his sentence, I expect my fate,
 His voice alone, can all my joys complete ;
 I'll look, with scorn, upon these musty fools,
 Who, only move by old worm-eaten rules.
 May abler heads, in future, strive to save,
 Poetic merit from oblivion's grave ;
 My best applause, their just deserts shall crown,
 Well pleas'd to see my mean attempt outdone.

The End of the Second Volume.



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E R R A T A.

V O L. III

Page.

- 27, Line 2d, from bottom for *fines*, read *fires*.
- 30, Line 17th, before the Word join, read *J*.
- 36, Line 1st, for *curst*, read *curse*.
- 54, Line 2d, for *the*, read *to*.
- 67, Line 8th, for *call*, read *can*.
- 71, Line 14th, for *kindly*, r. *kingly*.
- 73, Line 1st, 2d and 13th, for *Gambler* read *Grumbler*.
- 90, Line 5th from the bottom, for *e'er* read *e'en*.
- 97, Line 13th, for *from*, read *form*.
- 123, Line 5th from the bottom, for *are*, read *were*.
- 125, Line 8th from the bottom, wants an *o* in once.
- 130, Line 21, for *gronning*, read *geaming*.
- 148, Line 21, for *Vice-* read *Vice*.
- 151, Line 2d, wants an *I* in the beginning.

V O L. IIId.

- 15, Line 7th from the bottom, for *a*, read *and*.
- 97, Line 3d, for *would*, read *whole*.
- 131, Line 12th from the bottom, insert *and* between the words *Land Sea*.
- 237, Line 14th from the bottom, for *exalts*, read *exults*.

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